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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY

JONATHAN DOUGLAS.

What need I then to seek a patron out;
Or beg a favour from a mistress' eyes,
To fence my song against the vulgar rout;
Or shine upon me with her geminies?
What care I, if they praise my slender song!
Or heed I, if they do me right or wrong!

FLETCHER'S PURPLE ISLAND.

MARYPORT:

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INTRODUCTION.

FLOWERS OF POESY.

I've twined a wreath of simple flowers,
In sunshine and in shade;
And gathered, many a midnight hour,
The garland I have made.
I would not have the blighting winds
Breathe on my tender flowers:
And fain would see them bloom as fair,
As in the sunny bowers.

I cull'd them in the morning dew,
And by the moon-light pale,
Upon the river's mossy bank,
And in the sunny dale:
I sought them first to ease my heart,
When it was full of care;
And oft because the little flowers
Appear'd to be so fair.

The hair-bell blue, and lily white,
The rose and jessamine,
The primrose pale and meadowsweet,
Are favourite flowers of mine:
I love the modest blushing flowers,
That in the wild-woods blow,
More than the proud and gaudy ones,
That in the gardens grow.

At even when the sun goes down,
I roam the fields to seek
Sweet butterflowers, whose golden cups,
In childhood dyed my cheek:
And gather blue-bells peeping through
The weeds and mossy wall;
So merit modestly appears,
Or is not seen at all.

I sought for daisies on the lea,
And snowdrops in the grove;
By star-light many a breathing flower,
To win the ladies' love;
And when the moon had bath'd her light
Among the spangling dew,
That hung like pearls upon the grass,
Where blue-eyed pansies grew.

I pull'd the rose-buds, red and white,
To match the maiden's bloom:
The weeping yew and asphodel,
To plant upon the tomb;
And wet the leaves with many a tear,
Because my heart was wo,
But still they droop'd and faded on,
As did the flower below.

I shun the gay and gilded joys,
To watch while others sleep;
And muse alone by bower and stream
Where hoary willows weep;
It soothes the loneness of my heart,
O'er all the feelings thrown:—
I envy no one's happier lot,
But keenly feel my own.

And then I seek those lowly flowers,
Congenial to my lot;
That twine their amaranthine leaves,
With sweet forget-me-not;
I love to lift their drooping heads,
From weeds that round them throw
A baleful shade, that seems to blight
The modest flowers below.

And many a pleasing hour I've pass'd,
On moors and meadows green;
For I was told the fairest flowers
'Are born to blush unseen;'
I have not dress'd them up with art,
As learned poets do;
But freshly from their native wilds,
And careless as they grew.

Look kindly on my garland then,
And smile it into bloom;
And should the leaves begin to fade,
They'll shed a sweet perfume:
And I may gather other flowers,
Perchance more rich and rare;
I seek them first to ease my heart,
And then to please the fair.

POEMS.

THE SETTING SUN.

'Tis sweet the noisy town to leave,
And wander on the shelly beach;
To watch the waves subside and heave,
And view as far as eye can reach,
The lovely scene; while in the west,
Shorn of his beams, with milder brow,
The Sun retires, but not to rest,
Behind his golden curtains now;
That float along the sky, and lave
Their gilded folds below the wave.

How large and lovely he goes down,
And throws across the Solway streams.
His shadow mild as any moon,
Which like a golden pillar seems;
And tinges with a saffron hue,
The waves that scarcely ebb or flow:
The hills appear all robed in blue,
Through gossamer of crimson glow;
Which gives the scene a sweeter grace,
As 'twere a blush on nature's face.

The blaze of day and sultry calm,
When scarce a leaf stirs on the tree;
Is not so soothing as the balm,
Which comes at evening from the sea,
While o'er the waves the sunbeams throw,
A beauteous network woven fair,
A web of light through which below,
Another sky's reflected there;
While yonder barque at anchor lies,
As if suspended 'tween the skies.

As if to veil his face so bright,
A gilded halo's circling ray,
An iris of the purest light,
Surrounds the glorious eye of day:

But now the darker clouds appear,
Across his disk and change his mould;
Increase his speed, and as they near,
Compress him to a thread of gold;
Still lessening as we vainly try
To trace his exit in the sky.

Yon clouds piled up like hills of snow,
And tinged with crimson, fringed with gold,
Assume a purer, softer glow,
Like seas of foam together roll'd;
As on the mountain's brow they rest,
The banks of Nith, or Hasting's Isle:
So children on the mother's breast,
As fondly lean, and sweetly smile;
While silver clouds on Criffel's brow,
Appear to cut the mountain through.

How smiling, soothing, and serene
Is nature clad in sober grey;
And lovelier far the evening scene,
Than all the blaze of busy day,
When toil and tumult never cease,
And pleasure's always mixed with pain;
Now all around me whispers peace.
And calm as halcyons on the main;

When nought stirs on the waters, save
The flickering sunbeam's gilded wave,

That on the mountains and the Frith,
Seem woven into purple gauze:
Thrown o'er the hills, which underneath
The sunny veil, which more disclose
Their charms, as veiled beauties do,
In hiding part the more reveal;
We guess at charms, from those we view,
And fancy more than they conceal:
As through transparent clouds we spy
A milder sun and fairer sky.

Far in the western sky, behold
The eye of day begins to close,
And clouds of purple, blue, and gold,
He o'er his brow majestic draws,
And looks so lovely, I would fly
Beyond yon clouds to see his face;
Or round the world itself, if I
Could find at last a resting place:
Fair as this evening scene and mild
As the soft breathings of a sleeping child.

The sea's as smooth as polish'd glass,
And tranquil as a thing at rest,

Save where the sea-birds o'er it pass,
And dash the waters with their breast:
Or seamen dip the glist'ning oar,
As boats glide o'er the tranquil deep,
Which creeps upon the pebbl'd shore,
Reposes there, but cannot sleep;
For still the ocean ebbs and flows,
Though rock'd by every wind that blows.

The seamews with their crests of snow,
Sail on the waters slowly by;
The sun above reflects below,
Another sun, another sky,
As sea and sky unite in one,
Save where the blue hills intervene,
Where orient clouds are resting on,
And bind them with a silver sheen:
While on yon mountain's brow the scars,
Gilt by the Sun, appear like stars.

Yon little skiff, whose canvass wing,
So widely swells to catch the breeze;
Moves on the water like a thing
Of life, that swan-like walks the seas;
And from her shining sides she throws,
The waters with phosphoric flash,

Descending in a shower of snows,
We almost hear the distant dash;
So quiet all appears, that I
Can scarcely hear the waters sigh.

Yon moving shadows on the deep,
Through which the rocks below appear,
Repose like monsters rocked asleep,
And laid upon a floating bier:
But soon the sweet delusion's o'er,
Their changing forms so quickly pass,
And vanish ere they reach the shore,
Like phantoms in a magic glass;
And as the pleasing pictures fade
We lose the shadows in the shade.

Oh! how I long to linger here,
And gaze upon the glowing west;
To cherish hopes or dash the tear,
As hopes revive, or cares molest;
And who that looks upon the scene,
And would not linger here like me,
To be as charmed as I have been,
With such a sky and such a sea:
Man wants the skill, and earth the dyes,
To light the sun and paint the skies.

When thy young beams at first were flung,
  Across the deep primeval gloom,
All nature into being sprung,
  As we shall living from the tomb,
When thy last rays shall cease to burn,
  The moon to shine and planets roll,
The sun himself to darkness turn,
  And thunders crush this earthly ball,
The stars be all asunder riven,
Wide scattered to the winds of heaven.

Adieu! thou lovely setting sun,
  That leav'st behind a cheering ray;
What though thy earthly race be run,
  Thou goest to make another day,
In other worlds to rise and shine,
  And when my short career is o'er,
Oh, may its close be bright as thine,
  And dawn upon some happier shore;
'Mong fairer scenes, in purer skies,
Where suns can neither set nor rise.

MORNING.

Begone dull night! when dreams and darkness
reign,
Cold changing moon and all the starry train;
To aid your speed, increasing as you fly,
Spread all your wings upon the yielding sky,
Those sable pinions brighten with the speed,
Warm on the way, and glow as they recede,
Far in the west, where ling'ring night delays
His flight till morn a welcome visit pays.
And what is night though moon and planets roll,
The glitt'ring canopy and starry pall,
Hung o'er a slumbering world immured in
gloom,
Rock'd into rest, which typifies the tomb;
The hush of silence, save the sea-bird's cry,
Among the billows, and the curtain'd sky;
Or clust'ring beauties of the milky way,
To yon soft blushes of the dawning day;
Serenely rising from the lap of night,
And from her chamber bursting into light.

Lo! in the east she mounts on orient wings,
And o'er her brow a gilded halo flings;
Shaking the dew drops from her shining curls,
In sweet profusion, like a shower of pearls,
On flower and tree, whose lucid gems adorn,
With evening's dewy tears, the face of morn:
Bright with her blushes and as beauteous seems,
As youthful poets fancy in their dreams.
The weeping flowers, whose pearly drooping bells,
To yield us fragrance open all their cells;
Display their beauties, give their sweets to please,
Their daily ravishers, the roving bees,
Laden with sweets, earn'd by industrious toil,
To store their garners with the luscious spoil:
Nectareous food, which fills their waxen bowers,
The sweet quintessence of a thousand flowers;
Which smell as sweetly, bloom as pure and fair,
As if unbreath'd upon by aught but air;
Scent all the meadows, where I roam along,
And add a sweetness to the skylarks' song,
As from the dewy lawn they singing rise,
Mount in the air, and carol to the skies;
Still less'ning climb the airy steep afar,
Lost in the twilight, like the morning star,

And nearing heaven, above the clouds rejoice,
We listening gaze to hear the wandering voice,
Die in the distance, as the songster's lay,
Warmed in the sunbeams sweetly melts away;
Expand their wings to float in lighter air,
Like birds of paradise suspended there;
Then fold them closer to the glowing breast,
And warbling fall into the downy nest.
Delicious scene, the languid spirits feel
Returning vigour o'er my senses steal;
As o'er the heath the hunter's cheering horn,
Awakens echo in the voice of Morn;
Whose breath is balm, and cheek with lustre glows,
In all the freshness of the budding rose.
A beauteous vesture, form'd of sunny rays,
The lovely harbinger of day displays,
Woven with twilight, o'er creation streams,
In all the colours of the rainbow-beams.
Nature unfolds her emerald vest, and shakes
Away her sables, as from night she wakes;
Looks through the fringes of her beamy eyes,
And smiles to see the young Aurora rise:
Whose breath gives fragrance to the fruits and flowers,
And o'er their leaves ambrosial moisture pours;

Bedecks the meadows, greens the leafy grove,
Attuning all to harmony and love,
With song of birds, as from the woodlands they
In sweetest music hail the newborn day.
No clouds appear, except her charms to grace,
To mar the beauty of her heavenly face;
The rising blush which on her forehead glows,
Like passing shadows o'er unstained snows,
But veils the beauty that would shine too bright,
And shades the lustre into softer light.
Far, far away, my young affections rove,
To scenes of childhood and Amora's love;
And as the fancy into passion warms,
I clasp her image, gaze upon her charms,
Fair as the morning, made by April sun,
Were her young beauties when my heart they won:
Sweet as the murmurs of the distant sea,
Thy voice Amora, was, and is to me.
Yes, rosy Morn, thy opening charms disclose
Visions of childhood, beautiful as those
Remember'd scenes, which memory loves to trace,
Endear'd by friendships, time can ne'er efface:
When all was pleasure in those happy hours,
As our first parents in the blissful bowers;
In childish innocence, insatiate play,
Like gilded halos soon to pass away:

Our dreams of infancy too bright to last,
Nor deem the sunshine will be overcast
By cloudy skies, and fancy life will be
Through all its changes, sweet as infancy.
Delightful hours of innocence and ease,
Devoid of care, ah! were they all like these!—
And think that evening will serenely close,
Because, unclouded,—morn serenely rose,—
So fair and beautiful the mild terrene,
I gaze with rapture on the charming scene;
And feel the dawn my drooping spirits raise,
Warming the fancy, kindling as I gaze
On earth and sky, till like Apollo, they
Inspire my song and steal the soul away.
Softly the breeze comes o'er the tranquil deep,
And fans, with airy wings, the waves to sleep
On Solway shore, and there as gently heave,
As moved by sympathy, the waters leave
The sea-bird's print upon the sparkling sand,
While from the water, woods, and teeming land,
Pure exhalations, odoriferous rise,
To pay the Morn a grateful sacrifice,
As from the east her rising blushes glow,
Suffuse the sky, and light the world below.
'Tis sweet to wander at the peep of day,
When Reynard leaves the fold, and birds the
spray,

To spring the covey, rouse the timid hare,
And breathe the freshness of the morning air.
The landscape changing into brighter hues,
And hawthorns glistening, wet with honey-dews.
See flowers unfold their beauteous leaves to hail
The rising Morn, and scent the verdant dale,
Where oft I wander to the world unknown,
Unseen to muse upon the mossy stone,
Absorb'd in thought, as I've delighted been,
Entranc'd for hours, unmindful of the scene
Which smil'd around, till memory wakes again,
Forgotten themes, and new chimeras reign:
Then far away the bounding fancy springs,
Light as a meteor on erratic wings,
'Mong ideal scenes of fairy revels, where
We're free from envy, indigence and care.
Oh! how I linger round the happy spot,
The shady avenues, and cooling grot;
While round the bower, sweet scented eglantine,
In close embrace, with flowers and laurels twine
The creeping tendrils into silvan coves,
To woo the Muses or imagined loves;
And feel a joyance o'er the spirits creep,
Which soothes the mind and lulls its cares to
sleep.
As bower and grove, cool avenue and streams,
By fancy form'd, live only in its dreams

Of childish visions, transitory, vain,
Pursu'd like bubbles, blown to burst again.
I climb the steep and feel the enlivening breeze
Rebloom my cheek, so faded with disease;—
See nature smile, enjoy the varying scene,
The sombre landscape changing into green:
The distant hills assume a softer blue,
And as they brighten, seem to nearer view,
Bestudded o'er with spots of shining white,
More softly mellow'd by the morning light.
Above the mist, which veils Helvellyn now,
Among the lakes proud Skiddaw's rugged brow,
By time and torrents furrowed o'er, commands
A distant view, and like a giant stands,
Rearing his shoulders, reaching to the clouds,
Which like a winding sheet his bosom shrouds;
Fringed with the shadows of retiring night,
The blue of distance and a robe of light;
Whose gilded sunbeams, bright as sparkling
gauze,
Crimson the coldness of the vestal snows;
Which pure and spotless as a veiled nun,
Look pale and coldly on the rising sun.
From yon sweet Hamlet smoke begins to rise,
And like a canopy hangs in the skies,
On viewless wings above the beach and bay,
Resolves to vapour, slowly melts away

To liquid light, invisible as air:
And yon bright hall appears to look as fair
Among the trees, where Ellen winding flows,
As in a wilderness some beauty shows
Her modest face, till blushing she perceives
Intruders gaze, then hides among the leaves,
The rural graces of a Silvan queen,
To veil her loveliness and bloom unseen.
Here as I linger and admiring gaze,
The busy memory turns to other days;
When Roman Legions, or a roving band,
Usurped the freedom of my fatherland:
Now Albion's free, and I securely tread,
The weeds that wave upon their wormy bed;
And wond'ring look, on Solway's peaceful shore,
Where camps and beacon fires have blazed before,
Here oft the Romans gazing o'er the Frith,
Beheld the foemen pouring down the Nith,
Bold as the Falcon on her pinions soars,
They stretch the canvass, ply the bending oars;
In wicker boats came bounding o'er the spray,
Reavers of night to bear the spoil away;
Or leave, perchance they may return no more,
Their bones to bleach upon a hostile shore,
Where graves appear, whose inmates once have been
Gazing with rapture on the morning scene;

Have felt like me, the life blood warmly run,
Seen the sweet light, and felt the cheering sun;
Now cold, uncoffin'd, and forgotten lie,
Mouldering to ashes in yon Tumuli,
Beside the camp, renowned in ages gone,
Where oft they stood, and I stand gazing on
The tranquil deep, where darkly shadows fall,
As o'er the sloping beach the waters roll,
The coming tide, that's scarcely heard to gush
Among the pebbles, yet to stillnes hush
The jarring feelings into calm repose,
With pleasing murmurs: so the seaman throws
Oil on the billows, when the tempest raves,
To smooth the waters and appease the waves.

ON THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER ROSS, WHO WAS DROWNED WHEN BATHING IN THE SEA.

The deep shady green of the ocean is smooth,
And scarcely the waves seem to flow;
So sweetly they pass, like the days of one's youth,
That leave us behind them this lesson of truth,
Life's made up of pleasures and woe.

Though calm and serene is the Solway to-day,
And pleasing its murmuring sound;
So tranquil its bosom, 't would tempt one to play,
On the soft swelling waves as they creep up the bay,
Where yesterday Sandy was drowned.

The wind then was high, and the ocean waves toss'd
Their angry foam to the shore;
The shelving rocks rose, which the foamy waves cross'd,
And flew to the place where young Sandy was lost,
And the billows so loudly did roar.

And wildly he cried, but no succour was nigh,
Save one who was bathing there too;
And he strove to assist but the waves ran so high,
He drank of the brine as they madly roll'd by,
And escaped though he cannot tell how.

I know 't was the finger of heaven, my son,
That snatched thee alive from the wave;
And may it continue the goodness begun,
Nor suffer thy feet in the footsteps to run,
Of vice that may lead to the grave.

They tell of the wonders that lie in the deep,
How the soul is dissolved with dread:
But they who go down to the waters to sleep,
The secrets of ocean eternally keep;
For we hear not the voice of the dead.

I wonder what things o'er his fancy did stray,
As he toss'd on a refluent grave:
Did scenes of his childhood a moment delay,
The business of death as he floated away,
On the swell of the white-bosom'd wave.

He floated along on the billowy foam,
And long he was sought for in vain,
Where truant boys often too carelessly roam,
Nor think how unhappy the parents at home,
Who long to embrace them again.

The stillness of death had gone forth on his brow,
And his cheeks from their colour did fly;
His once ruby lips had begun to be blue,
All silent his tongue, and immovable now,
Was the film that hung on his eye.

No art could avail which humanity tried,
The functions of life to restore:
His blood had run back in its channels, and dried
Up the fountains of life, where it ebbed like a tide
That never returns to the shore.

The Royal Canute, by a parasite band,
Bid ocean his sceptre obey;
But onward it roll'd, at another's command,
Ascended his throne, where it stood on the sand,
And drove the usurper away.

The planets above and the world below,
Jehovah created and said,
I've bounded the ocean, and giv'n it a law,
Thus far and no farther thy waters shall flow,
And here thy proud waves shall be stay'd.

No wonder the sea not a moment can rest,
But tosses her waves to and fro,
And heaves, as with anguish, her troubled breast,
For the widows she's made, and the orphans oppressed,
And the tears she causes to flow.

O could we the book of our destiny see,
And read what not angels can tell!
But that is forbidden by heaven's decree,
And wisely denied to the world, lest we
Through pride or a presciencc rebel.

In the moment of mirth, in the banqueting hall,
In the midst of his women and wine;
Belshazzar saw fingers which trac'd on the wall,
Thou art weigh'd and found wanting, thy kingdom shall fall,
And he call'd for his seers to divine.

His countenance fell, which before was elate,
And flush'd with his drinking and pride,
The Medes and the Persians were now at the gate,
To share in the banquet—ordain'd by his fate,
He fell from his glory and died.

In the fulness of hope, in the midst of his play,
Young Sandy, went down to the deep;
For a moment was seen on the white bosom'd spray,
That shrouded the boy on the waves where he lay,
As water Nymphs do, when asleep.

He fell like a flower that is nipt in the bud,
Whose beauties begin to unfold;
When all was so innocent, childish and good,
Before the wild passions infected his blood,
And ere he grew feeble and old.

His father was lost, and his mother is dead,
And few the poor Orphan bewail:
As they lower'd him down to his last narrow bed,
I heard not a sigh, and few tears there were shed,
And none perchance weep at his tale.

And why should we weep, at the fiat which frees,
From poverty, sickness and pain,
And sigh for the joys that no longer can please,
When palsy comes on, or a doating disease,
May turn us to childhood again.

I'd rather be stricken in midst of my flight,
And fall undecay'd in my bloom;
Than creep into age through a long dreary night,
Denuded of memory, of manhood and sight,
In dotage to grope for the tomb.

And then the proud spirit that's panting to flee,
Beyond the short limits of time;
Will, stripp'd of her burden, exult to be free,
And leave all the world behind her, like thee,
Escape to some happier clime.

MASSACRE OF GLENCOE. (1)

The summer was ended, the autumn leaves cast,
And the dark clouds of winter roll'd thick on the blast,
Oe'r the mountains of Morvan, where Ossian's bold lyre,
Awak'd the wild numbers to Fingal his sire,
Who lean'd from his cloud [2] at the song of his fame,
Which gave to these mountains and vallies a name;
Glencoe of Argyle, where Macdonald did fall,
By a kinsman and guest when at peace in his hall.
The war steeds were mounted, but not for the fight,
Their cravenly riders were sons of the night;
Whose swords shall come reeking—but not with the foe,
And their lustre be dim, with the blood of Glencoe;

Till vultures stoop down from on high, where they soar,
To feed on the dead, and be drunk with the gore
That reddens Loch-Clin, and shall ever remain
To Campbell a curse, on Glenlyon a stain.
Glenlyon was mounted and rode in the van,
Of his armed retainers and myrmidon clan,
In the visor of friendship [3] Glencoe to betray;
And come you in peace here, Macdonald did say,
To feast at our bridal and chase the wild roe,
That bounds o'er the mountains—or come you a foe?
In friendship we greet you, was Campbell's reply,
And the angel look'd down, who recorded the lie;
And blush'd that in heaven a lie should appear,
Where engraven it stands, uneffac'd by a tear;
Till the leaves be unseal'd, and a voice as of wo,
Shall wither thy soul with the name of Glencoe.
The revel was past in the banqueting hall,
And tuneless the silent harps hung by the wall,
For the Bards were asleep, and Macdonald at rest,
Secure in Glenlyon, his kinsman and guest;
Whose honour was plighted, their feuds had been heal'd,
Glencoe was at peace, and his pardon [4] was seal'd:

Their friendship was pledg'd in a cup—but the wine
Unmask'd not his soul, nor reveal'd the design,
Which died on his tongue, was unseen on his brow,
And his eyes were as silent and treacherous too,
As satan's, when brooding o'er mischief within,
And watching the moment for mortals to sin;
Then shrouded in darkness he crouched by the bed,
And turn'd their repose to the sleep of the dead.
Oh! why didst thou slumber Macdonald, and why,
Was the ghost [5] of thy fathers not seen in the sky?
No howling of dogs, [6] through the hall, and thy sword, [7]
Unstained as with blood, ere they butchered its lord.
But why did the lightning thy murderers spare,
And guide them through night, by a light as it were
Sent down from above, when the bolt that was flying
Them harmlessly by, might have stricken Glenlyon;

And left him a stigma, the recreant one,
A beacon and by-word for others to shun.
But who dare arraign the invisible power,
Or stand in his sight in that terrible hour
Of vengeance to come, for their deeds he'll repay,
Though mercy awhile may the judgment delay!
And conscience be left with her cancerous sting,
To stab the repose of thy country and king—
The harp [8] that was mute at the fiat of kings,
Unplay'd on, return'd a low voice from the strings,
In numbers of wo, as it hung by the wall,
A sign that a chief of Macdonald would fall;
For the phantom Bard breath'd on the strings as he past
Through the hall of Glencoe, and return'd on the blast:
And dark were thy mountain streams Cona the while,
That echoing roll'd through Glencoe of Argyle.
The murder of midnight was heard on the gale,
And orphans and widows 'were loud in their wail;'
The virgins as vainly for mercy implore,
As mariners wreck'd on a desolate shore,
Invoke the loud winds to be hush'd till the foam,
That rocks on the ocean-wave carry them home.

Oh! heard you the footsteps of death as they fell,
On the dull ear of night, like a funeral bell;
Or saw the red flash, when the bullet was sped,
With a murderous aim, at the innocent head
Of sleeping Glencoe,[9] who in agony died,
As he rose from the bed, in the arms of his bride,
That shrin'd him in death, while she shar'd in his doom,
And sunk like a lily, that dies on the tomb.
The watchword was pass'd,[10] the massacre began,
Of all the Macdonalds—to spare not a man,
From those who in infancy hung on the breast,
To those too decrepit the foe to molest:
For age, sex, and kindred were pleaded in vain,
Foredoom'd by Dalrymple, and base Brandal-bane.
The feeble no pity received, and the bold
Were slain for their daring—the rich for their gold.
The jewells and[11] rings from the mothers were torn,
In the moment of death, ere the[12] infant was born,
Whose funeral cry was the first which it gave:
And the wounded side prov'd both a cradle and grave.

The stars hid their glory, night shook on his throne,
The earth seem'd to tremble, and utter'd a groan;
When the deed was completed, whose infamous stain,
Oblivion may cover—but cleanse not again.
Oh where is thy glory fled, fam'd Caledon,
The freedom you fought for, the laurels you won;
The high-minded bearing that never would yield,
In friendship to truemen, to foes in the field;
And fame that in song is recorded of you,
Was the fictions of poets—or where is it now?
'Tis wither'd, is faded, and only would seem,
A vision of night, or a wand'ring dream:
When memory looks back, till the spirits return,
Of Wallace and Bruce to the fam'd Bannockburn,
To linger awhile o'er the field of their fame,
That gave to their country and kingdom a name.
And why could not darkness conceal them in flight?
When the planets above had withholden their light;
And the watch-dogs no warning would give where they run,
From the murdering steel and the slaughtering gun.

'T was the beacon lights blazing from [13] houses
on fire,
The shelter of home made a funeral pyre:
Whilst gathering smoke a wide canopy spread,
That hung like a pall o'er a field of the dead.
The beast has a lair, and the eagle a nest,
The wild deer a covert can flee to for rest;
Secure from the hunter, in freedom they roam,
The wilds unpursu'd to their mountainous home:
But where shall the sons of Macdonald remain!
With the sword or the fire, or retreat to be slain!
In Glens where the summer streams sing [14] as
they flow,
A Caronach sad, for the fall of Glencoe.
In darkness they wander, bewilder'd and lost,
In the mazes of night, and as wantonly toss'd,
On the heath to and fro, as the autumn leaves
driven,
And scatter'd by all the wide tempests of heaven:
Benighted, and homeless, and hunted till morn,
Like lambs in the winter, defenceless and shorn.
And those who escaped from the vale of Glencoe,
Were track'd, in their blood, o'er the moun-
tains of snow,
That served for the weary and wounded a bed,
And laid like a winding-sheet over the dead.

The tempest grew louder,—the blood-hounds' deep bay,
Was heard through the night, as they hunted the prey;
To caves of the mountain wilds, lonely and far,
Where the fugitives fell, and no ling'ring star,
Nor moon-beams to light us by night through the gloom,
To scatter the darkness that rests on their tomb.
Ye shades of the dead! do ye wander among
The vallies that echoed to Ossian's song:
Or range the wide bounds of yon starry abode,
From mortals remov'd and communing with God,
Eternally fixed in the heavenly spheres,
No more to revisit this valley of tears:
Divested of feeling, of friendship, and love,
And nought of this earth be remembered above,
The scenes of your childhood, if spirits return,
Again shall they visit the banks of the bourn,
To trace the sweet valley, the flowers and the tree,
So dear to remembrance our childhood can be.
Far, far in the desolate wild you repose,
Where the heath cock is found, and the cranberry grows;
And where the bold hunter in chasing the deer,
Finds out where you lie, and bedews with a tear,

The green sod that rises so light on your breast,
And leans on his spear, o'er the place of your rest.
By mountain moss cover'd, unmark'd by a stone,
Unwept on, neglected and almost unknown.
'T would humble one's pride, to behold when we die,
How lowly the spot where the proudest shall lie:
To see the tall weeds and the poppies that wave,
Their flourishing heads o'er the tombs of the brave;
While darkly oblivion o'ershadows their glory,
And time throws a doubt on their memory and story.

NOTES TO GLENCOE.

Note [1] p. 27.

This barbarous massacre, performed under the sanction of King William's authority, answered the immediate purpose of the court, by striking terror into the hearts of the jacobite highlanders; but at the same time, excited the horror of all those who had not renounced every sentiment of humanity, and produced such an aversion to the government, as all the arts of a ministry could never totally surmount.—*Smollett.*

Note [2], p. 27.

Who lean'd from his cloud, at the song of his fame.

It was long thought in the North of Scotland, that storms were raised by the ghosts of the deceased: this notion is still entertained by the vulgar.—*Macpherson.*

Note [3], p. 28.

In the visor of friendship, Glencoe to betray.

In the month of February, Captain Campbell, of Glenlyon, by virtue of an order from Major Duncanson, marched into the valley of Glencoe, with a company of soldiers belonging to Argyle's regiment, on pretence of levying the arrears of the land tax and hearth money.

When Macdonald demanded whether they came as friends or enemies, he answered, as friends; and promised upon his honour, that neither he nor his people should sustain the least injury.—*Smollett.*

As Campbell of Glenlyon, whose niece was married to one of Glencoe's sons, commanded, the party were received with affectionate kind-

ness, and treated with the most unsuspecting hospitality.—*Aikman.*

NOTE [4], p. 28.

Glencoe was at peace and his pardon was seal'd.

The Laird of Auchintrincken, Macdonald's guest, who had three months before this period submitted to the government, and at this very time had a protection in his pocket, was put to death without question.—*Smollett.*

NOTE [5], p. 29.

———————*And why,*
Was the ghost of thy fathers not seen in the sky?

It was long the opinion of the ancient Scots, that a ghost was heard shrieking near the place where a death was to happen soon after.

The accounts given, to this day, among the vulgar, of this extraordinary matter, are very poetical.—*Macpherson.*

NOTE [6], p. 29.

No howling of dogs through the hall.

Dogs were thought to be sensible of the death of their master, let it happen at ever so great a distance.—*Macpherson.*

NOTE [7], p. 29.

———————*And thy sword,*
Unstained as with blood ere they butchered its lord.

It was also the opinion of the times, that the arms which warriours left at home, became bloody, when they themselves fell in battle.—*Macpherson.*

NOTE [8], p. 30.

The harp that was mute at the fiat of kings,
Unplay'd on, return'd a low voice from the strings.

It was the opinion of ancient times, that on the night preceding the death of a person worthy and renowned, the harps of those Bards who were retained by his family, emitted melancholy

sounds. This was attributed to the light touch of ghosts, who were supposed to have a foreknowledge of events. The same opinion prevailed long in the north, and the particular sound was called, *the warning voice of the dead.*—*Macpherson.*

Note [9], p. 31.

Of sleeping Glencoe, who in agony died,
As he rose from the bed, in the arms of his bride.

The savage ministers of vengeance had entered the old man's chamber, and shot him through the head. He fell down dead in the arms of his wife, who died next day, distracted by the horror of her husband's fate.—*Smollett.*

Note [10], p. 31.

The watchword was pass'd, the massacre began,
Of all the Macdonalds to spare not a man.

The design was to butcher all the males under seventy, that lived in the valley, the number of whom amounted to two hundred, but some of the detachments did not arrive soon enough to secure the passes, so that one hundred and sixty escaped.—*Smollett.*

Note [11], p. 31.

The jewells and rings from the mothers were torn.

Glencoe was shot as he rose from his bed; his wife was stripped naked by the soldiers, who tore the rings with their teeth from her fingers.—*Aikman.*

Note [12], p. 31.

————*Ere the infant was born,*
Whose funeral cry was the first which it gave,
And the wounded side proved both a cradle and grave.

Women perished with their infants in their arms.—*Aikman.*

A boy of eight years, who fell at Campbell's feet, imploring mercy, and offering to serve him for life, was stabbed to the heart by one Drummond, a subaltern officer.—*Smollett.*

Note [13], p. 33.

'T was the beacon lights blazing from houses on fire.

Campbell having perpetrated this cruel massacre, ordered all the houses to be burned, made

a prey of the cattle and effects that were found in the valley, and left the helpless women and children, whose fathers and husbands he had murdered, naked and forlorn, without covering, food, or shelter, in the midst of snow, that covered the whole face of the country.—*Smollett.*

NOTE [14], p. 33.

In glens where the summer streams sing as they flow,
A Caronach sad, for the fall of Glencoe.

To have no funeral elegy sung over his tomb, was, among the Celte, reckoned the greatest misfortune that could befal a man, and his soul could not otherwise be admitted to the airy hall of his fathers.—*Macpherson.*

HARVEST DAY, IN THREE PARTS.

MORNING.

Linnets leave the tufted corn,
And the moon-eyed owl the light,
Of the bonny harvest morn,
Rising from the lap of night.

Reynard's stealing from the fold,
Fearful of the watchful hounds;
Like a felon to his hold,
Ere the merry bugle sounds.

And the velvet-footed hare,
All her cunning tricks may try,
But the well-trained pack, aware,
Sweep along with hue and cry.

Airy echo softly sighs,
Like a wand'ring voice forlorn,
Or in louder notes replies,
To the hunter's cheering horn.

From the ivied cottage see,
  Curling smoke begins to rise;
Mantling like a canopy,
  Midway in the dappled skies.

Early from her lowly nest,
  Now the skylark mounts to sing,
With the dew upon her breast,
  Sweetest harbinger of spring.

From the village, cot or farm,
  All who bind, or sickle wield,
See the merry peasants swarm
  To the busy harvest field.

Roger with his reaping train,
  Pores awhile, with curious eye,
Reading sunshine, wind, or rain,
  In the hieroglyphic sky.

While the beagles, full in view,
  Chase the leveret through the grass,
Brushing off the morning dew,
  Where the early reapers pass.

And the truant scholar goes
To the woodland hazels green;
Where the sunny cluster grows,
Starts to listen—lest he's seen.

Or with satchel, book, and flask,
Creeping, like a snail, to school,
Reckless of his morning task,
Quite forgot the dread ferule.

On he strays in heedless hum,
With a heart devoid of care;
Mimicking the miredrum,
Brushing by the gossamer.

Up the mountain's dizzy steep,
Now the shepherd winds along,
To the pasture with his sheep,
Happy as the day is long.

He no wild ambition knows;
Nature though her gifts be small,
On the shepherd swain bestows
Health and harmony of soul.

Now the village far below,
Glitters in the sunny ray;
And the east, with cheerful glow,
Kindles into perfect day.

NOON.

Squat upon the stubble ridge,
Now the sweaty reapers dine
On their milky beverage,
Sweet to them as mountain wine.

From the bounty earth supplies,
Through the fields where e'er we roam,
See the thievish sparrow flies,
Gath'ring in her harvest home.

All around the wide domain,
Ever charming to behold,
Laughing Ceres swells the grain,
Waving like a sea of gold.

And the frantic cattle scud
O'er the common, fields, and glade,
From the gadfly, to the wood,
Reedy pool, or cooling shade;

Where a cloud of insects bright,
  Dancing on the solar beams,
In a fatal moment light
  On the death-deluding streams.

Let me snatch them out again,
  From their else untimely grave;
He that gave them sense of pain,
  Gave me also power to save.

Through the river's glassy tide,
  Curling with a gentle wind;
See the sportive fishes glide,
  To approaching danger blind.

Where the patient anglers play
  Round the mimic flies with skill;
Doubly cruel to betray
  Those with food, they mean to kill.

Thus on pleasure's gilded bait,
  Giddy and unthinking man,
Rushes blindly on his fate,
  Ere he measures half his span.

Yonder snow-white mountain lambs
  Gaily frisk in many a ring,
Round the tender bleating dams,
  Playful as the breath of spring.

Hush'd, as in the lap of death,
  Scarce a sound the ear receives,
Save the zephyr's gentle breath,
  Rustling through the falling leaves.

Emblem of the final doom,
  When like wither'd leaves we'll fall
In the dark and silent tomb,
  That's appointed for us all.

See the fowler leaps the dyke,
  Like another beast of prey,
With his spaniel, master-like,
  Crouching where he would betray.

On he hies with fatal speed,
  Where the cowering coveys lie,
Fires upon them where they feed;—
  Blindness seize his aiming eye!

While the linnet's pleasing song,
From the thorn or hazel brown,
Rings the wild-wood walks among,
Charming all the list'ning noon.

EVENING.

Now the weary reaper looks
Anxious for the closing day;
Pleas'd to see the noisy rooks,
To the forest wing their way.

While the playful scholar seeks
Where the bramble-berry grows,
Dying all his dimple cheeks,
Ruddy lips, and little nose.

And the village master free
From the noisy scholars goes,
In a silent reverie,
Through the greenwood hazel shaws;

By the river's winding streams,
Feeding on delusive hope;
Wrapt in wild poetic dreams,
Giving airy fancy scope.

Bursting like a bubble now,
Still we feel the goddess power;
At her pleasing shrine we bow,
Charm'd and cheated every hour.

See how large the sun is now!
Shorn of his meridian beams;
And the reaper's shadow, too,
Like a moving giant seems.

O'er the fading landscape, where
Evening draws her dusky veil,
Mark the bleeding, timid hare,
Limping slowly through the dale.

To the grove the cushet's gone,
And the linnet to the brake;
While we ever and anon
View the swallow skim the lake;

Dipping in her rapid wings,
As she skims the waters blue,
And the liquid chrystal flings,
O'er us like a falling dew.

And the sleepy bat's awake,
  Flapping on her leath'ren wings,
O'er the wood or stilly lake,
  While the jocund peasant sings;

Trudging o'er the weary lea,
  To his peaceful little cot;
From av'rice, pride, ambition, free,—
  Happy is the peasant's lot.

Children run to climb his knees,
  Wife to spread the frugal board:
Who that witness joys like these,
  Would, to lose them, be a lord.

On the ocean's purple breast,
  Phœbus throws a parting ray,
From his chambers in the west,
  Closing up the eye of day.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. WILTON WOOD.

In early youth and manly bloom,
In hope's delusive hour;
He fell untimely to the tomb,
As falls a blighted flower.

A flower that bloom'd the pride of spring,
Just riven from the tree;
The eagle stricken on the wing,
Is but a type of thee.

The shaft that bore young Wilton's fate,
Was unforeseen and true;
And night's dark wings accelerate,
The summons as it flew.

A moment, and the livid flash,
Foretels the thunder storm;
A moment, and the chariot's crash,
Defac'd his manly form.

A moment—and but one was given,
To breathe his soul in prayer,
And when it reach'd the gates of heaven,
With joy it entered there.

I wonder if a sister's love,
Would know a brother there?
If spirits when they meet above,
Remember things that were?

If e'er they hover round the spot,
Of former joy and cares;
Or earthly feelings are forgot,
In that new world of theirs?

If e'er to soothe a parent's wo,
Their shining forms appear;
Or cast a ling'ring look below,
On those they lov'd so dear?

Oh! yes, we've oft in visions seen
Them hovering round our bed;
And clasp'd as if they'd living been,
The well-remember'd dead.

At eve we saw young Wilton wave
His hand to comrades dear;
At morn we saw them dig his grave,
And weep upon his bier.

It was not for his talents rare,
Nor person, form'd to please,
That gave him such a graceful air,
His manners such an ease.

But for that open, generous mind,
That love of laugh and glee;
The wit that left no sting behind,
And made no enemy.

For in the hour of social mirth,
His spirit seem'd to be
Refin'd from all the dross of earth,
And mild as infancy.

The smile so late was on his cheek,
His voice so late did charm;
I almost yet can hear him speak,
And feel his fingers warm.

And oft a mother's heart will be
In grief, she knows not why;
And fondly look around for thee,
The angel of her eye.

Oft gaze upon the passing cloud,
And see in empty space,
The flowers that deck his costly shroud,
And stoop to kiss his face.

And to that shadowy form she'll cling,
Whose sweet illusive smile,
May Wilton to her memory bring,
And ease her heart the while.

And oft in dreams she'll see her son,
On time's unebbing stream;
And wake to wish, as I have done,
That life was all a dream.

And oft his friendly arm she'll take,
In dreams of ideal bliss;
And many a flight in fancy make,
To happier worlds than this.

ON EMIGRANTS SAILING TO AMERICA.

The topsail unfurl'd, hung loose in the gale,
A signal the emigrant ship was to sail;
Men reel'd on the deck as she swung to and fro,
Or lean'd o'er the bulwarks and clung to the prow.

The seamen sung cheerly, and launched out the yawl,
To lead from her moorings the proud Donegall;
That stretched her white canvass o'er ocean to fly,
As an eagle her pinions to float on the sky.

When from her bold eyry she launches away,
Or stoops from St. Kilda, to seize on her prey,
That rides the wild surge—then majestically soars,
And rests on the wing, like a boat on its oars.

The mothers run screaming, to call from the shore,
The boys that will gather rude shells there no more;
Dividing their favours to keep, if they could,
The young ones together, as hens do their brood.

O woman! devoted and true to the last,
Where duty commands, or by destiny cast;
Though friends may forsake us, unbidden you fly,
To share our distress, and if need be, to die.

Man struggles to hide what he cannot conceal,
For nature betrays the emotions we feel;
Though proudly unseen, he may smother the sigh,
And dash as it rises, the tear from his eye.

On the quay piled with luggage, I wander alone,
'Mong groups of the strangers, unheeded, unknown;
The contrast of feelings, and passions combin'd,
Depict in the features, what preys on the mind.

Impatient to go, were it only to hide,
The tumult of feelings that ne'er will subside;
To flee, as it were, from remembrance that still
Is dear to the memory, in spite of the will.

How fondly they linger, and weeping, embark,
And lonely as those who were saved in the ark,
To people new regions, when doom'd to explore,
A world of waters without any shore.

But 'tis not the hundreds that cover the deck,
And stretch, to be gazed on, the bosom and neck;
Nor those without feeling who huddle below,
And have no bereavement wherever they go.

Who run from arrest, or in infamy fly,
And draw not, at parting, a tear from the eye;
But he who is poor, yet in poverty cleaves,
To the home he forsakes, but reluctantly leaves.

Who looks to the rivers, the flowers and the
groves,
The scenes of his infancy, friendship, and loves,
To the grave of his child, where it rises so
green,
Then thinks of his own, and the oceans between.

Who cannot revisit the place of his birth,
Or close up the eyes of a parent in death;
Nor wander again by his own native streams,
To live o'er his childhood, save only in dreams.

The scenes of our childhood which friendship
endears,
When memory looks back through the vista
of years,
Are fair as the vision of Eve when she cast,
Her eyes upon Eden, and thought on the past.

The hearth stone is cold, and no welcome is found;
No voice to be heard, as the stranger goes round:
And lonely his footstep re-echoing falls,
To scare the wild bats from the desolate halls.

There's one in the crowd, as she fondly caress'd,
A babe on her knee, and a babe at her breast;
Look'd up to their father, his aid to implore,—
And then to the land she may visit no more.

I mark'd the expression, 'twas tranquil and deep;
Too thoughtful to smile, too abstracted to weep;
Save only a cloud that was passing to throw
A shade o'er the feelings that struggled below.

It was not reproach, and there seemed no regret,
But a something she wished, though in vain, to
forget;
A long retrospection to infancy's dawn,
That gilds with its halo the future unknown.

Reclining beside her the husband was seen,
Embracing the babes on the breast where they lean;
While strangers might fancy he'd drank of the stream,
Where all is forgotten and life's but a dream.

His eyes seem'd to wander, his fancy to roam
From Canada's wilds, to the fields of his home;
Hope gilded the prospect to lessen the danger,
Of rivers and seas, to the land of the stranger.

The smile which he left us was only the bloom
Of flowers that we gather, to garnish a tomb:
And the light of his eye, so illumined in prayer,
Was lost in the gloom, for the soul was'nt there.

Though flow'rets and trees are transplanted and shoot,
For memory leaves not a sting in their root;
Yet man has a being, an eye of the mind,
That looks with regret on the world behind.

How oft by the mountains and waters so deep,
That roll through the wild woods they'll sit down to weep;

And look from the west, when the day-star shall
rise,
For kindred and country, with tears in their eyes.

We heard a faint cheer from the thoughtless
and young,
On leaving the shore, upon deck as they sprung;
And saw a young exile, whose spirit might seem
Divested of vision, or lost in a dream,

Who bow'd to the earth, as it were to revere,
The dust that he sprung from, and leaves with
a tear,
To hallow the spot where his mouldering urn,
Shall rest with his sires, if he ever return.

For hope is the emigrant's idol and star,
That mocks his approach and allures from afar;
The anchor he leans on through life--and at death,
The vision he follows, at parting with breath.

O Albion! though changing and cloudy thy skies,
And the bloom of Italia our climate denies,
'Tis liberty's isle—and devoutly I'll cling,
In spite of thy faults, to my country and king.

LINES WRITTEN ON SEEING THE MINIATURE OF A LADY PAINTED UPON IVORY.

Noble and ingenious art;
That can all but life impart,
To the picture, and recall
Back the fair original:
When the bloom of beauty's gone,
That we've looked with wonder on,
Till the soul unconsciously,
Wakes the latent memory,
To a retrospective gaze,
As it were on other days,
That are past and only seem,
Like the wand'rings of a dream,
Of departed joys that were,
When the living form was there.
In that lovely face we find,
All we wish in woman-kind,
And it needs no tongue to tell,
Whose it is we know so well,

By that smile of wit and sense,
On its open countenance:
Where the rose and lily never,
Seem'd so loath as there to sever:
For the canker worm of care,
Feeds not on those blossoms there
Nor has time a beauty reft,
Stolen a charm, or wrinkle left
To inform thee, as he flies,
Life is short and beauty dies.
By the raven locks that curl,
Round a brow of finest pearl;
Like the sable wings of night,
Brooding o'er the morning light;
By a something in thine eye,
Which the soul so feelingly,
Pictures in those starry lights,
Where the hand of nature writes
Things a poets eye can see,
But not draw so easily.
Could the mimic pencil trace,
Half the beauties of thy face,
Draw it with a varying smile,
Or be laughing all the while;
And when it has painted these,
Copy all her powers to please;

Till its eyes like thine express,
All a woman's tenderness;
Soft as pity when it sighs,
Or the tear in beauty's eyes:
When a ling'ring look they cast,
On the unforgotten past,—
Scenes of joy and fancied bliss
Fading into nothingness:
Like the halo of the moon,
Fair awhile, but faded soon.
But the pencil cannot give
Life, or else that form would live
Rival nature, and inspire
Ivory with Promethean fire;
And the mimic likeness move,
Every one that looks—to love;
Till this miniature of thine,
Be like the original—divine.

CHANGES FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE.

Fair is the rosebud opening to the spring,
That blooms unsullied in a lonely wild,
But to a mother's eye the prettiest thing
In all creation, is an only child,
With all the father's lineaments compiled,
In softest miniature upon its face;
Where she will gaze till of her woes beguiled,
And with sweet bodings many a beauty trace,
As it improves in stature, loveliness, and grace.

It was a child as beautiful and fair,
As e'er a mother to her bosom press'd;
And it would smile, while from her eyes a tear
Stole down in silence on her snowy breast,
Where it lay sleeping like an angel blest;
It smiled as children smile, unconsciously,
When no ill dreams their balmy sleep molest;
The mother's tears perchance might falling be,
For its departed sire, and helpless infancy.

What new delight each little toy can yield,
For pleasure springs from change and novelty:
The paly primrose of our native field,
And little butter-cups upon the lea,
Are favorite flowers with all, in infancy.
Alternate passions, blended smiles and tears,
Are only fruits of some forbidden tree,
And mark the changes of our growing years,
Composed of joy and grief, delusive hopes and fears.

In a lone pathway, at the close of day,
With book and sampler a young girl I spied,
From school returning, on her homeward way,
Her lips were rubies—she was sable-eyed,
And all her cheeks with bramble berries died;
Her sylph-like form, and beauty need not borrow
The aid of ornament and look of pride:
And she was careless of that day, to-morrow,
For on her sunny brow was not a mark of sorrow.

And youth's a time when every toy can please,
That loses relish with increasing age;
All have been childish, and had joys like these,
The veriest trifler, and profoundest sage,
In life's eventful, fleeting pilgrimage.

Now where's the cottage and the willow tree,
Whose boughs I've wove into a wicker cage,
Gone like my childhood, yet they're dear to me,
For sake of happier days, sweet home and infancy.

I yet return'd when ten long years were past,
The cot was there, the willow green as ever;
O'er scenes familiar, many a look I cast;—
But they were chang'd and darker roll'd the river,
Than Waver seem'd to do, when we did sever:
Upon its banks, a maid of graceful mien,
Stood gazing on me, and a fairer never
Look'd on me yet, the face I'd often seen,
But time so changes us, and years had roll'd between.

How bright and beautiful the maiden seem'd,
And long we stood, unknowing what to say;
If it were Ellen, or my fancy dream'd;—
She smiled so sweetly all my doubts away,
We oft embraced, and all that summer day
Through many a field and oft-frequented scene,
We stray'd to hear the lark and linnets gay,
Warbling their wood-notes 'mong the bushes green,
Till scenes appear'd as fair as they had ever been.

When the first woman was to Adam sent,
A new sensation to his heart was given,
Of purest love, for they were innocent,
And had not yet been from the garden driven,
For that forbidden fruit, whose taste lost heaven;
But still she's lovely, even since the fall,
Though from her now, eternal life be riven;
And Ellen was the fairest flower of all,
That sprung from mother Eve, the fair original.

How sweet the woods, the fields, and every path
That I've frequented many years ago,
Since then what changes in this world there hath
My orphan'd youth befallen—none can know,
And few perchance like me would feel them so:
And there's a balm breathes in my native air,
Which soothes the spirit, nearer home I go,
For there's no flowers in all the world, so fair
As those the fancy deems appeared in childhood there.

The cheerful spring with all her smiling train,
Like bloomy youth, is flowery, fair, and brief,
Summer's like manhood, beauty in the wane,
Comes on like autumn, when the yellow leaf

Sears in the blast, and droops as t'were in grief;
When dreary winter is approaching fast;
And hoary age, that finds in death relief,
From all her woes, looks back upon the past,
And sinks into repose, the longest and the last.

I count not days, when years unheeded pass,
But 'twas in autumn, near a burying stone,
Prone on the grave, in sable weeds there was
A new made widow—grief would be alone,
And she to midnight spirits made her moan—
The wind blew cold, the dew was on her breast,
Her words were few, and of the deepest tone,
Her eyes were tearless, but their look express'd
A longing for the grave, where all the weary rest.

Affection bound her to the lonely spot,
For memory lingers o'er departed bliss;
And there be things that cannot be forgot,
Pale shadowy forms, and she might cling to his,
Her Henry's ideal form, for happiness;
Her cup was full, she drained it to the lees,
And found a solace in its bitterness;
The heart o'erflowing, finds lethargic ease,
And tastes the joy of grief, the balm of sympathies.

In an asylum where the old and poor,
Find a sure refuge, where the vagrant's led,
That asked for charity from door to door,
And where the homeless wanderer finds a bed,
Who had no friends, no place to lay his head,
In that asylum, with a faded cheek,
That had been beauteous, ere the roses fled;
Sat a poor maniac, who would seldom speak,
But look'd with vacant gaze, as if her heart
would break.

There's in the brain a pulse, the heart a feeling,
And ties in life, when rudely torn in twain,
Defy physicians and the powers of healing,
To re-unite the riven cords again,
And gather in the wanderings of the brain.
Is there no balm, no opiate to be got,
To bring oblivion, when the soul's in pain,
And reason's overthrown—oh! is there not
A refuge where to hide, forgetting and forgot.

The death-bell added to the night a gloom;
I saw her coffin'd and the shroud put on,
Heard the last requiem, saw her in the tomb,
Where friends and lovers weep--but few or none
Weep for the friendless poor, and she was one.
Her grave is rising where a footpath's nigh,

And yew trees throw their baleful shadows on;
The schoolboy lingers, as he's passing by,
To look upon her grave, and wipe his weeping eye.

But where's the child, young girl and maiden now,
And new made widow in her weeds of woe;
The homeless wanderer of th' asylum too,
And she who sleeps where weeds and nettles grow,
And mournful yews their evening shadows throw?
There's only one, but time sweeps all away
To dust again, and nature changes so,
From bloomy youth, till age brings on decay,
We soon forget the face that's changing every day.

Though years move slowly, when they've pass'd away,
Life seems contracted to a narrow span;
The days of childhood look like yesterday,
So swift and sweetly all the changes ran,
From infancy and youthhood up to man;
On life's uncertain and tempestuous wave,
The hopes of happiness that never can
Be realised—the woes and wants we have,
Between the bounds of life, the Cradle and the Grave.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. H. SENHOUSE, THE ONLY SON OF H. SENHOUSE, ESQ. OF NETHER HALL.

How silent now the merry hall,
And sad the votive verse;
And black the nodding plume and pall,
That cover all the hearse:
Where Senhouse in his youth was laid,
As falls a leaf before it fade.

We saw him in the pleasing time,
When all was spring and flowers;
And in the bloom of manly prime,
Among the birds and bowers,
So full of hope,—and now we meet
Him cold, and in his winding-sheet.

And there thy sisters o'er thee weep,
And kiss the sheeted dead;
So their pale leaves the lilies steep,
And droop the pensive head;
When on them, evening dew distils,
And all the flowers with moisture fills.

And when thy father ponders on
A few eventful hours;
Bends o'er the coffin of his son,
Deck'd in funereal flowers:
The memory broods with miser care,
On blighted hopes that wither there.

Hope's gilded haloes always lure,
The brightest from afar;
And when we deem them most secure,
They more delusive are;
Like meteor fires, whose wand'ring light,
Mislead us in the maze of night.

He shunn'd the busy gay delights,
Of pleasure's giddy maze;
That gives hilarity to nights,
But languor to the days:
Destroys tranquillity of mind,
In search of joys it cannot find.

And he was free from pride that springs,
From wealth or high degree:
Nor spurn'd, what's call'd the meaner things,
At worth and poverty;
That may with honest genius bide,
Where wealth and honours are denied.

His unaffected manners were,
Domestic, kind, serene;
So blooms a flower in desert air,
That's lovely, though unseen;
And only sheds its sweets to those,
Who seek the wild flower where it grows.

And many a lovely, modest flower,
That scents the passing breeze,
Beside your brother's mossy bower,
Embosom'd by the trees:
Will seem to droop, when he is gone,
And you are weeping there, alone.

When winds shall shake the summer-leaf,
And chase it round the hall;
The emblem will renew your grief,
Remind you of his fall:
And all the past to memory bring,
To give the heart another sting.

I wonder why the feelings melt,
As if by touch divine;
Why round the heart, where once they dwelt,
Departed spirits twine;
And leave Elysian fields to share,
Communion here as well as there.

Among the walks by Ellen streams,
Where he was wont to roam;
You'll often meet in happy dreams,
And wish to chide him home;
Pursue his ling'ring image there,
Until the vision melt in air.

For Humphrey was a beam of light,
To sisters, and to sire;
And oft they saw him with delight,
From public gaze retire;
To muse on Ellen banks, and stroll,
Among the groves of Nether hall.

But now the groves no longer please,
The flowers begin to fade,
The birds that sung among the trees,
Are silent in the shade;
And tears that hang on beauty's eye,
Will fall to grace his obsequy.

The vault where all thy fathers sleep,
Will soon upon thee close;
And though we o'er thy ashes weep,
'Twill shelter thee from woes;
Shut out the ills of life till we,
Who pity—almost envy thee.

GILMORE.

'Twas not thus I used to wander,
Hopeless, outcast, and forlorn;
And when weary, shelter under
Hedge-row tree, or village thorn;
Far from friends of human kind,
Farther still from peace of mind.

From the storm, my babe I'll hide thee,
Free from cares that me molest;
And a shelter here provide thee,
In a mother's joyless breast;
Where the milky streams thou'lt draw,
Till with life they cease to flow.

On this mossy bank I'll lie me,
And when death my wo relieves,
May the redbreast passing by me,
Hide me in the wither'd leaves;
Where no Gilmore e'er can tread,
On his victim's leafy bed.

Here the winds may pass me over,
  While I dreamless sleep beneath;
Where no false insidious lover
  Can unfold the gates of death,
To inflict another pain,
On this bleeding heart again.

Was there from the heart a token,
  Written on the brow to show,
Every vow that man has broken,
  And those wiles we ne'er can know,
Till like ships we circling run
Towards the gulph we cannot shun.

Then mine eyes that melt in sadness,
  O'er a thing I blush to name;
Might have beam'd with female gladness,
  All unconscious of the shame,
That comes burning on my brow,
While I gaze upon thee now.

Not the eye which used to languish,
  When my head did only ache;
Shed a tear for all the anguish,
  That I suffer'd for his sake:
None to wish thy mother joy,
Nor to cradle thee, my boy.

Smile not on me like thy father,
His were false—but thine may be
A dream of joy, though I would rather
Have one tear of sympathy:—
Hush my baby, soundly sleep,
Yet there's time enough to weep.

When this bosom, that has warm'd thee,
Chills with cold thy ruby cheek,—
When the tongue which might have charm'd thee,
Dumb in death, forgets to speak;
When an orphan thou art cast,
Like a rosebud to the blast.

Not thy father's feigned sorrow,
Can a mother's loss repay;
Not his looks, though he can borrow
Those of Angels to betray;
But I would not weep to grieve thee,—
Hush my baby, I'll not leave thee.

But for thee I'd live no longer,
Where men all like Judas kiss;
Had a mother's heart not stronger
Ties than love, or happiness:
Ties by nature wisely given,
And not easily from us riven.

For a mother's heart is kinder,
  Which in spite of open shame,
Clings as if those ties did bind her,
  More than woman's love or fame:
On what others frown, she'll smile,
Though her heart bleed all the while.

Are those tears, my baby, stealing
  From a heart o'erfraught with wo?
Or from sympathy of feeling
  With thy mother's, tell me;—no,
They're the offspring of a dream,
And may not be what they seem.

Not that smile of thine can waken,
  Feelings which have ceased to move,
In a heart that's now forsaken,
  Joyless, hopeless, dead to love;
Save a lingering spark which lies,
Like the worm that never dies.

Will the world when I am rotten,
  Drag from Ellen's wormy bed,
Things that ought to be forgotten,
  And no more remembered?
Will the Poets tell the story
Of my shame and ruin'd glory?

Not can man—it was his doing,—
  Nor can woman, frail like me,
Glory in another's ruin,
  Prone to a like destiny:
Yet they pass me by in scorn,
Call my baby basely born.

Let the guilty when they name me,
  Not be first to cast a stone;
When in conscience, women blame me,
  They should look into their own:
Let the pure in pity spare,
I was once as pure as they're.

Could thy father, but he cannot,
  See my heart in ruins now,
With his own false image on *it*,
  Pierced with many a sorrow through;
Could he feel as I have felt,
Yet his stony heart would melt.

When his frenzied head is lying,
  Rack'd with pain which none can ease,
When to stifle the undying
  Worm, that breeds the mind's disease,
Remembrance madly wakes to bring
All the past, his soul to sting.

Hush my child, has mother's weeping,
  Waked thee from a sweet repose,
On thy face her tears are steeping;
  Dew-drops on a budding rose:
Offspring of forbidden fruit,
With'ring up the parent root.

For the loss of home and parent,
  Peace of mind, and virgin fame,
Here's a treasure which I dare'nt,
  Without infamy to name;
Dear—bought pleasure, that must sever
Me from Gilmore—and for ever.

Farewell home, my childhood cheering,
  Farewell parents, dearer yet,
Farewell Gilmore, so endearing,
  That my soul can ne'er forget;
Tenderer ties must yet be riven,
Farewell child, untimely given.

WRITTEN DURING A BILIOUS SICKNESS.

Come rosy health and youthful glee,
Repose and sweet hilarity,
With ever-varying joy,
That waited on me every day,
Again your welcome visits pay,
As when I was a boy.

This bilious sickness turns me sallow,
If I a sauce or gravy swallow,
Pie, pudding, or a stew;
Or take a glass, get in a passion,
Which is I own too much my fashion,
I soon have cause to rue.

And when the burning fit comes on,
Before the peep of early dawn,
My throbbing temples ache;
In all the regions of the brain,
I feel, in dreams, a real pain,
And with the nausea wake.

An icy coldness chills the feet,
While intermittant cold and heat,
  Thrill every nerve and vein;
The feverish pulse beats hard and quick,
The heart grows faint, the stomach sick,
  And retchings rive the brain.

A giddy darkness round me swims,
A shivering seizes all the limbs,
  An aching every bone;
A drowsiness—but not of sleep,
Steals on me, and the senses steep
  In lethargy alone.

Unbidden tears come in my eyes,
And deep involuntary sighs,
  Of visionary woes:
While sudden dread, but not of fear,
Comes o'er me when no danger's near;
  And starts without a cause.

The spirits then forget to flow,
Strange phantoms pass in mimic show,
  And fate seems hovering near;
But there's a hand the wound to cure,
To guard me in the trying hour,
  And wipe off every tear.

The Doctor's come—I'm all belief,
But find in physic no relief,
  Yet still the dose repeat;
And after all their skill can do,
I feel the throbbing in my brow,
  And almost hear it beat.

To hear the cant and see the fuss,
With dubious words to cozen us,
  Mysterious looks and nods;
Like oracles, whose words convey
A double meaning—either way,
  Can make but little odds.

My body like a shadow grows,
Where wind as through a blanket blows,
  Until I'm in a shiver;
And then I heap on warmer clothes,
Wry faces make, and take a dose,
  Which salivates the liver.

For I've been dos'd and drugg'd enough,
With powders, antibilious stuff,
  Pills, calomel, and slop,
Till thus reduced to what you see,
A living, stuff'd anatomy,
  A walking druggist shop.

When in the melancholy fit,
To drive it off, I rhyme a bit,
On any thing that chances;
And if sweet poesy's a crime,
I'm oft, like other sons of rhyme,
In rhyming circumstances.

What though the muses cannot heal,
The pains and poverty we feel,
They can a balm impart;
Which spite of all that wits have said,
Although it cannot ease the head,
Can always ease the heart.

WRITTEN ON A VISIT TO THE LAKES AND MOUNTAINS OF CUMBERLAND.

Awake sweet muse, inspire my song:
Awhile I leave the busy throng,
For rural themes—to rove among,
The Lakes and mountain scenery.

To take a more extensive view,
And draw the scenes to nature true;
The glassy waters, mountains blue,
Rock, river, fields, and shrubbery.

We'll range the valleys, guide the skiff
Along the Lakes, and mount the cliff,
That like a watch-tower stands, as if
'Twere built by giant masonry.

When impious war they waged with heaven,
And hurled huge rocks, from mountains riven,
At Jove's high throne till downward driven,
Before the shouts of victory.

Like ruin'd worlds these rocks have stood,
In broken fragments since the flood,
O'erhanging river, lakes, and wood,
In nature's wild sublimity.

And yon's the mighty Bowder stone,
By Michael Scott, from Skiddaw thrown,
For he by wizard-power was known,
To rival fiends in witchery.

The caverns deep, and mountains round,
Roll'd slowly back the thundering sound,
The boiling lakes and solid ground,
Shook, as with fear, exceedingly.

And still a seven-told sound is clear,
Low whispering, loud, afar or near,
And Bowder lifts its head to hear,
Moved by an unseen agency.

While birds hang list'ning on the wing,
To hear the echoes, echoing,
The caves rebound, the valleys ring,
With Lowdore's loud artillery.

There mountain torrents gath'ring flow,
From rock to rock, till white as snow,
They dash into the deeps below,
A-down the steep declivity.

While Keswisk, Grassmere, Windermere,
With all their sheety lakes appear,
And hills, whose rocky sides uprear
In barren, bleak, sterility.

Upon whose Tarpeian heights, the sheep
Hang gazing o'er the threat'ning steep,
As if to take a boundless leap,
Into the vast profundity.

Beneath yon mountain's sunny brow,
Where hangs the blue mist, curling now,
The vale St. John appears in view,
With all its charming scenery.

The mountains dun, and sombre trees,
The ripe corn rustling in the breeze,
The peaceful cottage, and with these,
The river's sinuosity.

There, birds are seen of every dye,
From gaudy finch to chatt'ring pie;
The raven, with its funeral cry,
And cuckoo's sweet monotony.

Whose voice recalls a happier day,
And I would imitate her lay,
When all was sunshine, laugh, and play,
In life's sweet hour of infancy.

In all my fortunes, hopes, and fears,
Through pain and pleasure, smiles and tears,
The daring spirit still careers,
And soars above adversity.

And yet will bear me proudly on,
Through every change, till fame be won,
To crown the bard when he is gone,
Beyond the reach of poverty.

From Skiddaw, what new scenes we spy,
Hills rise on hills, and valleys lie,
In grand perspective, till the sky
And ocean arch the boundary.

As Moses view'd from Pisgah's height,
The land of promise with delight,
As Grecians stretch'd their aching sight,
And shouted, as for victory.

When from Tecqua to the main,
They look'd on long lost homes again,
While tears of joy, unbidden rain,
From that ten thousand soldiery.

So from the mountain where yon sun,
Now throws his evening beams upon,
I gaze with joy, as they have done,
And wish for wings to carry me,

To yonder cliff, which looks so bright,
And steals a ling'ring hour from night,
As if t'inspire my Muse to write,
The brightness of its scenery.

Then many a lord and courtly belle,
Would bid the noisy town farewell,
Among these charming scenes to dwell,
And climb the green acclivity.

For who would bear the city din,
And pests beyond imagining,
That had these vales to revel in,
Hung round with such a scenery.

Here nature in her sportive mood,
Has piled a mountain, there a wood,
Whose broken shadows 'neath the flood,
Dance with the waves incessantly.

Lo! what a sight bursts on his gaze,
Who from this lofty height surveys,
The sheety lakes, lost in a maze,
Of river, rock, and shrubbery.

Far as the eye can stretch its power,
We trace the village, farm, and tower,
And rills that down the mountains pour,
Their flashing waters rapidly.

The dashing foam hangs on the sight,
So snowy, dazzling, pure, and white,
Whose gilded beams of rainbow-light,
Hang like a sparkling canopy.

And yon's the Laureate's rural seat,
The muse's haunt and calm retreat,
Of conscious worth, where poets meet,
The patron of Melpomene.

Were I a Chatterton, or young Kirke White,
And he would scan the lines I write,
My Muse to praise, perchance I might,
A leaf pluck from the laurel tree.

To bind my brow, so proud to wear,
A sprig or two of laurel there,
The blushing honours I would bear,
With all a poet's vanity.

But who will seek the lowly flower,
Revive its bloom with genial shower,
Or bear it to the sunny bower,
And shield it from inclemency.

The landscape round, in light and shade,
The mountain, river, wood, and glade,
The shepherd's pipe, and loud cascade,
Break on my pleasing reverie.

Among the hills—but far above,
The cloud-capt Skiddaw, where I move,
Stands like the giant hill of Jove,
And looks around majestically.

But see the clouds are gathering now,
On far Helvellyn's misty, brow,
Whose lofty looks are peeping through
The twilight of its canopy.

Now on the valley low it lies,
And veils the landscape from our eyes,
While trees like floating emeralds rise,
From nature's green embroidery.

What mimic pencil now could draw,
The mountains clad in summer snow,
The sunny vales and lakes below,
That blend in sweet variety.

Of shades that darken into dun,
Where shadowy clouds are resting on,
Of minerets glittering in the sun,
Among the wild-wood scenery.

Where'er I turn my wond'ring eyes,
On nature's works, which round me rise,
I read the language of the skies.
And trace the hand of deity.

Then let me not forget the power,
Which greens the fields, and paints the flower,
That gave me life, and every hour,
Preserves me by his agency.

THE STARS ARE BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL.

The stars are bright and beautiful,
As ought in heaven can be;
The Moon reflects her purest light,
Upon a waveless sea:
But not so bright, nor beautiful,
The moon-light, stars, nor sea,
Or half so tranquil as the light
Of woman's eyes to me.

And beautiful the stilly night,
When not a cloud is seen,
To wander o'er the midnight moon,
And pass the blue serene;
But not so sweet the stilly night,
Nor cloudless skies so fair;
As rosy smiles on woman's cheek,
And her young beauties are.

How balmy is the summer breeze,
And water as it flows;
That soothe me with their lullaby,
And sing me to repose:
But sweeter than the summer breeze,
Or flow of waters be,
To hear the music of the voice,
That whispers love to me.

How bless'd the poorest peasant seems,
Within his lover's arms;
To feel her sobbing bosom heave,
And gaze upon her charms;
But not so bless'd as I can be,
Upon fair Anna's breast,
When silence breathes without a voice,
And soothes my soul to rest.

The dew that gems the blushing rose,
And bells upon the flowers,
Is like the tear on beauty's cheek,
But not so bright as yours;
When pity moves the tender strings,
That twine about the heart;
Unseals the fountains of her eyes,
And bids the tear to start.

'Tis sweet when only silence hears,
What parting lovers said:
When nought, but listening echo, tells
The vows in secret made;
But sweeter than the wand'ring voice,
Of echo's plaintive tone,
To feel thy gentle bosom heave,
Responsive to my own.

While round that swan-like neck of thine,
The raven tresses flow:
And fling their sable shadows on
The sunny hills below:
So mildly fair, that modest face,
And beautiful it seems,
As ought that fancy's eye can trace,
Or visit us in dreams.

The moon-light, stars, and summer breeze,
And waters all unite,
Their music with the wand'ring voice,
In such a stilly night;
Then on that face so beautiful,
Thus let me fondly gaze;
As on a vision of the night,
A lover all my days.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MATTHEW BROUGHAM,

Who was upset in his fishing boat, and drowned on the 10th day of Nov. 1832. He was an old Bachelor of very eccentric character and habits, but inoffensive manners; and subsisted on what he made by fishing, in a small Boat, and by showing a collection of natural and artificial curiosities.

Let other Bards their heroes choose,
And mourn them at the tomb;
Their patrons praise, and foes abuse,
Be mine to sing with humble muse,
The Death of Matthew Brougham.

Who with his hooks and fishing line,
Museum, dog, and gun;
Must earn a dinner, ere he dine,
For he could read the weather sign,
And many a danger shun.

'Twas thought he saw the coming wind,
Read hieroglyphic clouds;
The various bait for fish defin'd,
Tell how they suited every kind
Of codling, skate, and knouds.

I met him in my morning walk,
Nor deem'd his death so near;
We stopp'd a little while to talk,
For Matthew always loved a joke,—
I've known him many a year.

No wind was on the Solway, save
A gentle fanning breeze,
That to the sleeping waters gave
An easy swell, a curling wave,
Which crept along the seas.

The seamews slept as safely on
Its breast, as downy pillow;
While Matthew was for Carlo gone,
Unmoor'd his boat, a little one,
And launch'd her on the billow.

No sign of storm was in the sky,
Of danger on the deep;
The sea-weeds floated slowly by,
The fiends of ocean seem'd to lie
On Solway Frith asleep.

But soon the waves began to swell,
By agency unseen;
But why they heave, we cannot tell,
Yet every time they rose and fell,
His little boat was seen;

Which like a sea-bird on the foam,
A lonely floating thing;
That might have wand'ring left her home,
Unus'd, perchance, so far to roam,
Had wearied on the wing.

His lines were on the water cast,
The fish were in his hand;
A sudden squall rose on the blast,
His little boat was overcast,
And he was far from land.

But he had many a danger seen,
And with a tearless eye;
Clung to his boat, as if she'd been
His only child, and look'd between
The ocean and the sky.

He grasp'd the rising bubbles, made
In plunging to the deep;
And vainly call'd for human aid,
But no regard the waters paid,
As o'er his head they sweep.

No more he'll go with spade in hand,
And Carlo by his side,
Which bore the can at his command,
To dig for bait, which in the sand,
Had burrow'd 'neath the tide.

No more we'll meet him on the shore,
Nor watch him on the sea;
Drift on the tide with nimble oar,
With Carlo sitting on the prore,
And lines upon the lee.

I've seen him from the Roman Camp,
When storms began to rise;
And often fear'd his boat would swamp,
Till o'er my heart there came a damp,
And tears were in my eyes.

For he was kind to every child,
Would take them to his room;
Show'd all he had, with looks so mild,
And told such wonders, till they smil'd,
To hear old Matthew Brougham,—

Tell all the wand'rings of his life,
His hair-breadth 'scapes so many:
And how he never took a wife,
Because he always hated strife,
And never saved a penny.

And in his cabin, pil'd about,
Such comicals were seen;
So stuff'd and painted, one might doubt,
What they had ever been—without
He'd told us what they'd been.

No living creatures gave them birth,
In heaven or seas—that he
Had made them like—no form of earth
Was in their likeness, causing mirth,
But no idolatry.

I've seen his hairy man, and borne
The thunderbolt he shows:
His giant's tooth,—a bullock's horn,
The cloth from Joseph's garment torn,
And Ketterfelto's hose.

And then he told to every guest,
The names of things so rare:
And those he knew not—Matthew guess'd,
Some things he never saw, possess'd,
And some that never were.

But then those stories he had told,
So often and so long;
He thought them true, which made him bold
And Matthew was so poor and old,
We never thought it wrong.

No more the maids will hear him cry,
The living fish for sale;
Nor playful children run to spy,
His cockle hat, when passing by,
And listen to his tale.

How he had stood on Sinbad's grave,
Had seen the dolphins weep;
And smil'd on death, for they are brave,
Whose "march is o'er the mountain wave,
And home upon the deep."

I love the very boast of years,
How once they have been brave;
Till youth and beauty, re-appears,
Like bloom upon a leaf that seres,
And blossoms on the grave.

Now sleeps he on the ocean, say,
Where all his life was led;
And to the very fish a prey,
On which he always lived, for they
Were Matthew's daily bread.

But though upon the ocean-wave,
His lifeless body's toss'd;
There live's a part that's doom'd to brave,
The wrecks of ocean and the grave,
That never can be lost.

ON SEEING MRS. HOWARD'S MONUMENT IN WETHERAL CHURCH.

Methinks there's a warning voice heard in the tread,
Which falls on the grave,—says, remember the dead;
And holier feelings instinctive revive,
The slumbering ashes that once were alive,
While reading their names on the lettered stone,
We fancy those ashes may mix with our own:
Afraid to intrude on the sacred shrine,
And look on that likeness, young Howard, of thine.
So sweetly she looks, one would fancy she smil'd,
And leans on her lap, where she cradles the child,
To gaze on its features, their lineaments trace,
As fondly she folds't in a marble embrace;
And her beautiful arm in supporting its head,
Might raise it to life, were the mother not dead.

Who but for the stillness and loneness would
seem,
To breathe, as with life, when entranc'd in a
dream,
Of hopes that illumin'd those features so fair,
Which still seem to linger, and look as it were,
On visions of childhood, perchance, to her love,
Or Angels to carry their spirits above.
And see yon sweet cherub looks up to the sky,
And leans o'er the dead, till we fancy they fly.
The calm of repose, and the silence they keep,
Is that of a mother, whose child is asleep;
Whose words fall as softly, her light steps as slow,
As if she were treading on feathers of snow,
Whose flakes lightly floating fall noiseless, and all
Dissolve in descending, or melt as they fall.
Say can the resemblance a moment impart
The husband a solace, who's widow'd in heart?
Its cold marble lips, in their kisses restore,
The warmth of affection, imparted before?
When youth, love, and beauty, united could give
A feeling, and passions too tender to live.
O look on the mother, we almost can see,
Her white bosom heaving, sweet baby, for thee;
But death stopp'd the fountain, and nature, it
seems,
Has chang'd into stone all the nourishing streams;

While mother and infant, unfaded, did fall,
Were stretch'd out together, and sleep in the pall.
How vainly affection would hope for relief,
That sculptures a stone to indulge in its grief;
And memory, like misers, increases the care,
By brooding in secret, on treasures that were;
Entranc'd with such beautiful creatures, that seem,
A vision of angels, if angels can dream;
A joy too ecstatic for mortals to prove,
Save those who in heart have been wedded to love,
Who image the likeness, imagine the form
They gaze on is living, and feel if 'tis warm;
Can fancy it breathing the while they behold,
But the lips are so pale, and their kisses so cold,
We start, as from death, where the features are known,
And wonder we wept on a bosom of stone!
Unwarm'd by affection, unsoftened by tears,
Which even to love so insensate appears.
But nature, imposed on by touches of art,
Our sympathy moves, till it reaches the heart;
Awakens the feelings we cannot restrain,
To share in their pleasures, partake of the pain,
Which gives a new feeling, they only can tell,
Who see them as I do, and love them as well.

THE PLEASURES OF DREAMING.

Hail uncreated shade,
The harbinger of dreams;
That, ere the sun was made,
Or his enlivening beams
Had wak'd a nascent world from sleep,
Hung brooding o'er the primal deep.

The wand'ring stars of night,
The planets and the moon,
Diffuse a holier light,
To me, than gaudy noon;
And purer feelings they convey,
Than all the blaze of busy day.

And night's the solemn hour,
For saints to watch and pray,
In secret, when the poor,
Can dream their wants away;
And in aerial castles dwell,
Till morning break the magic spell.

The labour, wants, and grief,
That day brings in its train,
Find in the night relief,
When dreams return again;
To set the poor and captive free,
With mimic wiles and revelry.

The sea-boy on the deep,
The exile doom'd to roam;
Have freedom in their sleep,
And nightly visit home:
The dear delights again to share,
And all its joys devoid of care.

Then wild chimeras reign,
And wand'ring spirits soar,
Beyond the vast Inane,
O'er seas without a shore;
Till with the devious flight oppress'd,
Like Noah's dove return to rest.

In dreams the pride of kings,
The pomp of wealth and power,
Take flight on ebon wings,—
In that delusive hour,
When reason sleeps, and fancy roves
To distant homes, and early loves.

And like the faery elves,
That in the moon-beams play;
We often deem ourselves
Transform'd,—till dawning day
Dissolves the visionary scene,
And leaves no trace of what has been.

And in the stilly night,
Beside the murmuring wave,
The moon-beam's tranquil light,
Sleeps on my daughter's grave:
Where fairest wild-flowers sweetly blow,
An emblem of the flower below.

With filial love she seems
My feeble steps to stay;
To dry my tears, in dreams,
And comb my tresses grey—
But they will ne'er be grey I know,
Lest care untimely make them so.

I've often thought the smiles,
Of sleeping infants seem,
(For they're devoid of wiles,)
The workings of a dream;
And they have happy dreams we're sure,
Who look so sweet and are so pure.

It may be angel powers,
Keep watch where children sleep,
Unseen to eyes like ours,
That only wake to weep:
And on their purer minds portray,
The visions we have sinn'd away.

Some fancy dreams are nought
But wand'rings of the brain,
Or lost ideas brought
In visions back again;
With comic scenes and antics rife,
To act the comedy of life.

But visions only mock,
The pleasing hopes which gave
Those dreams the power to rock
The cradle of our grave;
Possess a magic power beyond
Aladdin's lamp, or Moses' wand.

For who that ever mourn'd
A lover, friend, or child,
And found them not return'd
In dreams, yet been beguiled;
Their lov'd, illusive forms to press
With more than real tenderness

The smile of woman's love,
A gilded pleasure seems;
And friendships only prove
The source of happy dreams;
Where wounded feelings lose their pain,
And blighted hopes revive again.

If sleep were but repose,
To renovate the powers
Of wearied mortals, those
Would lose their happiest hours,
Who revel in ideal bliss,
And only dream of happiness.

And night's the solemn hour,
To breathe the fervent prayer,
Before that heavenly power,
Where all our secrets are;
When silence sleeps, and none intrude,
To mar the peaceful quietude.

In dreams the wand'ring mind
Creates new worlds, and we
In memory look behind,
To scenes of infancy:
'Mong native fields, and friends, and flowers,
That charm'd our earliest, happiest hours.

And thus the spirit roves,
Away to native streams:
To meet with early loves
That only live in dreams;
To hear the voice that once could charm,
And feel the shadowy kiss grow warm.

To see the smiling maid,
In feature, form, and dress;
And clasp the lovely shade,
That turns to nothingness;
Amid the deep sepulchral gloom,
Which hides her in an early tomb.

Had death such dreams, I'd fly
The busy haunts of men;
To happier worlds, if I
Might visit earth again;
And hover round the scenes which gave
Me being, freedom, and a grave.

ON THE AUTHOR'S DAUGHTER, WHO DIED OF ONE DAY'S ILLNESS.

Is that pallid face, but 'tis free from contortions,
The same that I gazed on with pleasure erewhile;
I feel 'tis the same, by these inward emotions,
That well polish'd forehead and innocent smile.

I saw her at morn, like a rose-bud unfolding,
Its untasted sweetness, and beauties display;
At evening I came, it was painful beholding,
Her pale as a lily, and dying away.

Already my heart feels a coldness would waken,
The deep tones of feeling to madden the brain;
A loneness comes o'er me, as if she had taken,
The heart strings that bound us, and riven in twain.

It may be a blessing, to have not a feeling,
A blessing I envy not, never had yet;
But miserly cherish the sorrow that's stealing
Too deep in my memory, e'er to forget.

No more round my knees thou wilt climb in the morning,
Nor hasten, at evening, to welcome me home;
For soon thou must go, and there is no returning,
To take a long sleep in the night of the tomb.

The flowers will re-spring from the green grave that holds thee,
New clothed in beauty, with richer perfume;
And thou shalt again—yes, methinks I behold thee,
An angel of beauty, arise from the tomb.

That tongue which so pleasingly stole our affections,
Lies silent in death, and bereft of its charms;
Those lips once so rosy,—but what are complexions—
Have saved all their sweetness a prey to the worms.

How oft the wild primrose thou cull'd for thy father,
As careless he lay on the greensward at rest;
But now the sweet flowerets for thee I must gather,
And range them, my child, on thy innocent breast.

Like thee they were lovely and sweet while they lasted;
Like thee, rudely pluck'd, they are fading away;
For flowerets and beauty are easily blasted,
And sweeter the fruit, it will sooner decay.

Thy death I deplore, though with glory it crowns thee,
But who, when chastised, embraces the rod;
I shrink from the hand that with goodness surrounds me,
And weep at the summons that calls thee to God.

But when the Archangel shall sound the last trumpet,
And guilt calls for mountains to hide it in vain,
All glorious in light thou shalt then rise triumphant,
And I, if as holy, behold thee again.

LINES WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

Life—thy sickly taper's ending,
When of thee I am bereft,
One will sit, in sorrow, bending
O'er the lifeless form that's left:
Cold and comfortless will be,
Her last kisses given me.

In the coffin when mine eye is
Dim to all but things divine;
And those lips that once did tie us,
Feel no touch, not even thine;
When the sighs and tears you shed,
Neither wake nor warm the dead.

Then upon thy memory, Alice,
Things will crowd that seem'd forgot;
Has my heart been cold or callous,
And not lov'd thee—are we not
Join'd by many a tender tie,
That must sever when I die.

Three short days, no longer save me
From the tomb, for I would fain
Give the parts that nature gave me,
To their kindred dust again;
Lay me, where we sorrowing brought her,
In the grave beside my daughter.

When that daughter and her father,
In the narrow house shall be
Undivided, though I'd rather
Leave, my love, a place for thee;
For I would not fairest flowers,
Part congenial dust, like ours.

Let not stone for love or malice,
Mark the lone untrodden spot:
Those who love as we've done, Alice,
Cannot easily be forgot;
Though they sleep in ocean's grave,
Far below the gulfy wave.

If I ever, since you met me,
Wrong'd thee by an ill design,
Or a moment did forget thee,
And those little ones of thine:
Let me be forgiven now,
Or my love remember'd too.

And my orphan children, take them
To the bosom whence I'm riven;
Not for all the world forsake them,
Pledges of our union given;
Give them undivided love,
Till I meet you all above.

REMEMBRANCE OF FIRST LOVE.

There lives a delight in the memory of all,
Which time nor its changes can move;
And years but endear it the more, as they roll,
As fondly we look on the past to recall,
The scenes of our earliest love.

For who that Louisa has lov'd, can forget,
And felt no reluctance to leave;
Like Adam we fall, when in Eden he met
A tempter like thee, and without a regret,
Lost Paradise rather than Eve.

And ye who have lov'd with a passion like this,
Delightful beyond all that's given;
Have found a new life in the rapturous kiss,
Till lost in a trance of such exquisite bliss,
As gave you a foretaste of heaven.

I see thy young beauties re-bloom in the rose,—
Thine eyes in the innocent dove's,—
Thy bosom is spotless, and whiter than snows,
As fancy bewitchingly over me throws,
The charm of our earliest loves.

I mix in the dance, and to many appear,
As happy as once I have been;
For oft in its mazes I fancy her near,
And turn from the phantom to dash off the tear,
Which rises to others unseen.

I join in the revel, gallant in the throng,
Pursue every pleasure, to please;
But find no relief in the music or song;
The only delight as I hurry along,
Is when I forget thee in these.

And often I rove by the murmuring streams,
To gather thee beautiful flowers;
To place on thy bosom, so pleasant it seems
To live o'er the past, were it only in dreams,
That never again can be ours.

And when on another delightless I gaze,
Who smiles with affection on me:
My heart plays the truant and carelessly strays,
From duty and love to those happier days,
Devoted, Louisa, to thee.

They tell me of duty, that love should obey,
Of taming the passions by art;
But sensitive hearts are so prone to astray,
No wonder they wander, for duty gives way,
As beauty steals into the heart.

And with the impression those passions arise,
That give a new pulse to the soul;
A sense to the feelings—a meaning to sighs,
Which lovers can read, and the language of eyes
Is common alike to us all.

But he that implanted those feelings, and gave
Such beauty and sweetness to thee;
Can break the enchantment that made me their slave,
And rule the wild passions, as he does the wave
That's mov'd by attraction like me.

For still I remember the eyes that have told,
The language of love from the heart;
Have turn'd like the Alchymist's metal, to gold,
And all their sweet glances are growing so cold,
I fancy they bid me depart.

It may be delusion, for still she may feel,
A passion the mind disapproves;
A fond recollection, she dare not reveal,
And visit the spot, where in youth we did seal,
The vows of our happiest love.

Beside the sweet hawthorn, how often I've been
To see if it flourish or fade;
The blossom's as white, and the leaves are as green,
And all but Louisa enlivens the scene,
As when we sat under its shade.

When music and woman's voice fall on my ear,
And soothe me awhile to repose;
I scarcely dare breathe, till in fancy I hear,
The voice of Louisa, and look round to see her
Lov'd image, at every pause.

I wonder if others can look on the past,
And feel no regret to recall
The pleasures of youth, that are fading so fast,
Of friendship and beauty that easily blast,
And woman's love, sooner than all.

And when in illusion we fondly embrace,
Or wafted, in fancy, above;
How happy I feel in the heavenly place,
To wander, in dreams, with Louisa to trace
The scenes of our earliest love.

Thus night and its dreams, like a magical spell,
Can youth and thy beauty restore;
And wake the emotions, that only could dwell
In bosoms like mine—or in Adam's who fell,
To see his lost Eden no more.

Adieu to all others, but never to thee,
Till death wing my spirit above;
And then I'll revisit, if spirits be free,
The place where you wander, wherever it be,
And the scenes of our earliest love.

SKETCH OF THE PARTY AT GILSLAND, IN AUGUST, 1834.

Attend to me, Ladies, and mind not the beaux,
(Gallants of a season, whom nobody knows;)
Save one funny fellow who comes from the west,
The essence of oddities, quizzing and pest.

I'll draw you a sketch, as it seems a wet, day,
Of beautiful, witty, old, young, grave and gay;
And as in succession, we see them pass by,
The wild rose of Gilsland first catches my eye.

Young Fanny, the careless, the wild, and the witty,
Just ripe for a husband, and ah! what a pity,
Such beauty and sweetness as Fanny's should fade,
Or one that's so lovely should die an old maid.

The light flaxen tresses that float round her face,
Concealing some beauties, give others a grace;
That deepens the meaning which lurks in her eye,
And spreads an infection we cannot tell why.

And next comes the quaker, so artful and sly,
With a smile on her lip and young love in her eye;
Who steals all the Beaux—'tis the sweethearts I mean,
And soon will be wedded at Gretna-green.

A nice little round-about family dame,
So ready at lighting or catching a flame;
But there is no harm in beloving a friend,
Or owning a passion that one cannot mend.

Eliza's the picture of frolic and fun,
And whilst there is weddings will ne'er be a nun;
A bundle of beauties, temptations and snares,
Which there is no shunning, but going to prayers.

For when I meet with her and wish to be civil—
Afraid to run into temptations and evil;
Her smile's so bewitching, the moment I fly
To keep out of danger, she's all in my eye.

Why droops the young lily—is it for a man
You're sighing so deeply, my sweet Mary Ann?
May he that would injure thee, come to some
strange ill,
Or wish to beguile such a beautiful angel.

For by the soft blushes suffusing her cheek,
And tears in her blue eye, that almost can speak;
I see there's a feeling, affection might move,
By time into friendship, perhaps into love.

Susannah trips by us with eyes like the sloe,
And always can number two strings to her bow;
But she is too cruel, and cares not a fig,
For breaking the heart of any man's wig.

The walk was so pleasing, the flowerets so fair,
And all was so sweet, when Susannah was there;
That time seem'd to fly as I wander'd with you,
Among the green shaws, and the fields of War-
drew.

All made up of sweetness, dress'd up in a smile,
Too kind to be cruel, without any guile:
And yet her soft glances are still giving pain,
For all the young fellows are dying for Jane.

And then she will weep, for her heart is not cold,
And never would barter affection, for gold;
For there is a language she cannot disguise,
Which speaks from the heart and is seen in her eyes.

So pensively sad, but without any gloom,
I saw a young floweret bereft of its bloom;
But health shall Eliza's lost roses restore,
And add a new beauty, to charm us the more.

The flowers when they're drooping, impearled with dew,
Appear as they languish, more lovely, like you:
And sadness o'er beauty a pensiveness throws,
Which blends with the lily, the blush of the rose.

There's one—but I cannot describe what she is,
And if you dispute me, just look at her phiz;
That's made of belmetal all covered with tinder,
Whose heart, if she have any, must be a cinder.

Move on my duenna, my G—d what a breath,
Her frowns are so fearful, her smiles would be death.
And then she's so peevish, from lying alone,
No flesh can unite with that crooked old bone.

Matilda the lovely, more charming appears,
When roses and lilies are seen through her tears;
As o'er a sick parent she droops like a flower,
That's fairer and sweeter, when washed in a shower.

So softly she breathes, though with kindness and care
Her young bosom heaves, for affection is there;
And through the dark lashes we see, as she moves,
The heart full of pity is open to loves.

There's Tommy the mute, what a comical beau,
With only two syllables, ay and a no;
Who runs from the ladies, for fear I suppose,
They peep in his face, while he looks at his nose,

I'm sure they'll despise, what in man's so uncommon,
And I doubt his manhood, who flies from a woman;
But then I'm no Joseph, and think there's less harm in't,
To go with a lady, than leave her my garment.

If ever poor Bard, as too many there be,
Was charm'd by the ladies I'm sure it is me;
But the wonder will cease, as the tempters move by,
Like beautiful angels, equipp'd for the sky.

I saw by her motion, so easy and airy,
The form as it pass'd was the beautiful Mary;
Whose blue eyes reveal the soft wishes within,
And tempt us to love, where to love would be sin.

It cannot be sinful, or should not be so,
To love a young maid—we're commanded, you know,
To love one another—and with such a beauty,
There needs no commandment to teach us our duty.

The faded Sophia flirts by, silly thing,
A new painted butterfly, fresh on the wing;
Made up for the season, but only has power,
To shine for a day and be follow'd an hour.

Unlike my Amora, whose nature reveals,
The charms she would hide, and the passion she feels,

Too good to deceive, and above being vain,
She has not the heart to give any one pain.

Who rather would bloom in the shade, than desire
To shine and be gaz'd on, for fools to admire;
Prefers a man's head to his pocket, they say,
And sooner would wed to be happy than gay.

And where did you steal, Isabella, that smile,
To look so bewitching and pleasing the while;
That brings to remembrance whenever you move,
The name and the likeness of one I did love.

Who lives on my memory, returns in my dreams,
Eludes my embraces, and roves by the streams,
Where often we wander'd among the green
bowers,
When earth had no happiness greater than ours.

Maria's as silent, and seems as demure,
As if not a husband that simper could cure;
But soon as she's married, the simpers will fly,
Her tongue be unbridled, if truth's in her eye.

And when on the mountain, Louisa, with you,
I gather the Cranberrries, pulpy and blue;

The sportsman might envy our happiness—when
We spring from her covert the bonny moor-hen.

The bonny moor-hen, as she mounts on the wing,
Away from the fowler, Louisa would spring;
While we on the heather, unseen by the rest,
Will nestle together like birds in a nest.

O! there is Miss Cipher I'd almost forgot,
To know what she is, you must know what she's
not;
For made up of negatives—without any charm,
Who only can boast, she does nobody harm.

To sketch the whole party that comes to the spaw,
Would take the bold pencil of Hogarth to draw;
So if you're content with the picture I've made,
The tag, rag, and bobtail we'll cast into shade.

ON MY BIRTH DAY.

The twelfth of October again is returning,
And we will devote it to friendship and mirth,
Philosophers say we should spend it in mourning,
And curse, like the Uzzite, the day of our birth:
But I would enjoy the swift hours as they fly,
Nor wish their return—when eternity's nigh.

I often look back to the days of my dreaming,
The scenes of sweet infancy, childhood, and youth;
When fancy unfolded, at least to my seeming,
The pleasures of hope, like a vision of truth:
But they are evanished or fade on my view,
And burst like the bubbles I always pursue.

Still dear to my memory the fond recollection,
Of infancy, home, and the fields where I play'd:
Though darker they seem, through a long retrospection,
Time dims, not effaces, impressions they made;

As dearer those ties which asunder are riven,
And earth would recall its associate from heaven.

I wander at evening where boys are at pastime,
It gladdens one's bosom their gambols to see;
To witness the pleasures we've had for the last time,
As they, thoughtless beings, will soon be like me;
'Twere cruel to make them too early wise,
And draw from the future the friendly disguise.

Their sorrow is brief, and young innocent bosoms
Delighted with little, for trifles can please;
Draw sweets from their labour, as bees do from blossoms,
And waft the soap bubbles away on the breeze;
Are blind to the future, regard not the past,
As if the sweet present were always to last.

Time silently moves, when it creeps on before us,
But seems, in advance, to add wings to its speed;
Removes the endearments it cannot restore us,
And never again in its course may recede;
As once the sun stood, and his shadow, they say, has
Gone back his degrees on the dial of Ahaz.

Thus years roll away, and record as they're flying,
The marks of decay which appear as they roll;
And darkly o'ershadow some beauty that's dying,
That withers away as we're nearing the goal;
Yet madly we suffer those minutes to run,
As if they return'd or would never be done.

As birth days return, round my forehead will gather,
The emblems of age, if I live to be grey;
And childhood—but ere it returns I would rather
Go down to the grave without any decay;
Than daily be dying, by ling'ring here,
To drop off at last like a leaf that is sere.

But there is a chord, rightly touch'd can awaken,
The tender emotions of friendship and love;
That thrills to the heart which has never forsaken
The place of its rest, or return'd like the dove,
Bereft of repose, as she hung on the wing,
O'er a world of waters, poor wand'ring thing.

Hail sombre October, I love thy appearing,
Though loudly the winds on my cottage may rage,
The deep hollow sound of the tempest is cheering,
When poring alone on the lettered page;

Till lost in a reverie, tranquil and deep,
When all but the wandering soul is asleep.

The flowerets are faded, the season grows colder;
And every return of this annual day,
Should make, while rejoicing each year I grow older,
'Me wiser and better as life wears away'
Till thoughts of the past shall the future assuage,
And keep a good conscience to nurse my old age.

Though childhood and youth may delight us no longer,
And ties have been torn from us hard to forget;
There's many remaining, in age that grow stronger,
And bind me to earth, as by destiny yet;
That like the young tendrils more closely entwine
Their tender embraces and feelings with mine.

Then fill me a glass and I'll pledge thee, October,
We've oft met together in happier days;
Should this be the last time I'll part with thee sober,
And cast on my birth day a ling'ring gaze,
As it were an exile, who leaving the shore,
Looks back on a land he may visit no more.

WRITTEN ON A VISIT TO THE MONUMENT OF BURNS.

Genius of Burns! inspire my votive lay,
While at the Poet's shrine, my vows I pay,
Immortal muse! thou canst not dwell in now,
The thoughtless mansion of that marble brow,
Nor kindle eloquence in eyes so dim,
Unlike those living ones that lighted him;
When love illumined them with soft desire,
Wak'd all his wit, and set the soul on fire;
Touch'd every feeling with the finest tone,—
Not in that lifeless, monumental stone,
Where thou art gazing, with a tearful eye,
As if the genius of a Burns could die.
Let not the stoic from the closet steal,
What virtue hides, and friendship would conceal,
For every heart, if look'd on openly,
Would show some spots of frail humanity,

Some wand'ring wishes, common to us all,
Lie there concealed, ever since the fall:
Till souls congenial wake the latent fires,
Fan all those wishes into new desires.
Or drain, perchance, the wine-cup to the lees,
And taste of pleasure till it cease to please.
Can Poets live by geometric rule,
Send all their passions like a child to school!
Tame the wild sallies of unbounded wit,
And curb the flashing thought that causes it;
When fancy soars on bright Aonian wings,
Beyond the limits of sublunar things:
Through fairy regions, self-created groves,
Unfading beauties, and ideal loves;
Which give the heart, too sensitive before,
A finer feeling, one sensation more;
Like Dejanira, throw with fatal care,
A poison'd tunic o'er the Bard of Ayr,
Who leaves awhile the banks of bonny Doon,
To gaze with rapture on the wand'ring moon.
Pours his sad plaint to yonder ling'ring star,
Where Mary's shade allures him from afar,
To her bright mansion of eternal rest,
Where no commotions may their love molest.
Whoever trod Athena's classic shore,
And felt no reverence for the Attic lore;

Or view'd grey Marathon, of deathless fame,
And meanly wish'd to die without a name;
Look'd on the tomb where his first lover laid,
And has not feelingly invoked her shade;
Or trod the spot, where Caledonia mourns,
Without some portion of thy spirit, Burns.
No more his muse shall charm the banks of Ayr,
With Tam O'Shanter and the holy fair;
Not lovely Jean upon his bosom lie,
Nor Highland Mary beckon him to the sky,
Break on his dreams, or wake fond memory,
To their last parting at Montgomery:
The heart that wept, when they were doom'd to
sever,
Is pulseless now, has ceased to beat for ever.
No more the lyre his wayward heart beguile,
Nor greenwoods echo, lass of Ballochmyle;
His broken harp lies tuneless on the grave,
And mute as zephyr, sleeping on the wave
Of winding Nith, when not a sound whatever,
Stirs on the waters of the gentle river,—
Save the soft murmurs of the distant sea,
Which soothes to sadness with a lullaby:
Nurs'd on the lap of Solway's stormy billows,
Floats up the stream, and dies among the willows.
In vain they search, whoe'er would hope to trace,
His spirit breathing through that marble face,

Which feels so cold, unconscious so appears
Of gazing crowds, and tributary tears,
Which genius offers his departed shade,
And chides my votive lays, too long delay'd.
Oh! break the fetters, set that spirit free,
And with his genius gift your votary!
Till round my brow Parnassian laurels twine—
I ask it kneeling at the Poet's shrine.
As on thy monument I'm gazing now,
The statue seems to move—the marble plough
That cuts the daisy, glides with ease along,
Mov'd by the music of harmonious song;
While o'er thy head, the Muse her flight delays,
And stoops to crown him with unfading bays.
But sculptur'd marble ill portrays the wit,
That shone in all he said, and all he writ;
Whose pointed satire to the mark did go,
Like poisoned arrows from Ulysses' bow:
But when the theme was love or liberty,
He touch'd the finest chords so feelingly;
The heart reverb'rates to the pleasing pain,
As thrill'd Malvina's to old Ossian's strain:
When his wild music, borne upon the blast,
Recall'd the memory of those battles past;
When Fingal fought, and Swaran rode the seas,
Among the Islands of the Hebrides:

They sleep in peace, the dark brown years roll on,
And leave no cairn—no monumental stone,
To mark the spot—oblivion hides the grave,
Of Fingal's rest, and Rhyno's mossy cave;
The voice of Cona into silence turns,
And genius weeps upon the tomb of Burns.
Nature unfolded her rich stores, and all
The powers of fancy waited at his call;
Unebbing time roll'd back, amaz'd to see
The strength and sweetness of his minstrelsy,
Where noble Wallace and immortal Bruce,
Live in his verses—whose satiric muse
Uncurl'd the lip of Presbyterian pride,
And gained the height his plebeian birth denied:
O'ertopp'd the summit, where we fear to gaze,
And, like a meteor, perish'd in a blaze.
Historic pages shall record his name,
And time unborn, mature his growing fame!
Tell how he soar'd above the low degree
Of plebeian birth and native poverty,
To daring heights, on fancy's boldest wing,
And almost fathom'd the Pierian spring;
Shot like a star, eccentric to its goal,
For meaner bards to follow,—and to fall.
But fame shall shed, though Caledonia mourns,
Her brightest halo round the tomb of Burns;

Where he in life's meridian bloom was laid,
Ere genius died, or nature felt decay'd;
Led on by fate, and feelings touch'd so fine,
He fell a sacrifice at pleasure's shrine;
Whose witching smiles, his guileless heart did
snare
And twin'd her fetters round the Bard of Ayr;
Mix'd with th' enchantment of her Circean cup,
Disease and poison, but he drank it up:
Smiled on her charms—unconscious he'd been
borne
To beds of roses, that concealed a thorn,—
Genius in Burns a learned wit supplied,
He lived a Poet, like a Poet died.

THE POOR HOUSE.

"His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain."

GOLDSMITH.

The moon-light throws upon the Solway streams,
The shadowy clouds, that slowly sail along;
While on the shore, wrapt in poetic dreams,
I leave, for quietude, the noisy throng,
To muse alone, sea-weeds and shells among;
To soothe my feelings when oppress'd with care,
And weave, by moon-light, many an idle song;
For well I ween the muses wander there,
In such a tranquil night, so beautiful and fair.

When morning dawns, and smoke begins to curl,
In spiry folds of dun and twilight grey;
And dew-drops glittering hang, like beads of pearl,
On every leaf—the glorious eye of day,
Wakes in the East—careering on his way,

Traverses yon ethereal, vast expanse:
Where other earths, and moons, and planets may,
Round other suns move in mysterious dance,
Roll'd by unerring hands, that cannot move by chance.

An arm unseen sustains their orbs, and all
The things that live, and move, and powers that be,
Nor can an empire or an atom fall,
Without permission, and unknown to thee,
Whose will is fate, and governs destiny;
Then why should mortals deem themselves forgot,
Or bow to Mammon's golden calf the knee,
Since all are equal—though some's happier lot,
Was in a palace cast, and others in a cot.

Beside the shore, near where the Roman Camp
Spreads its old ruins, mould'ring to decay;
The poor's asylum, (built upon a swamp,)
Whose dingy walls, Apollo's cheering ray,
Scarce ever shines upon, the live long day;
As if afraid to look on poverty,
Though pride may scoff, and grandeur turn away,

And would not give, to cheer their misery,
The poor a single mite, or look of charity.

The stagnant waters, slow and sluggish move,
And there's no charm a poet's eye to please;
Sea-weeds and slime, whose mixt malaria prove
The source of gloom, and generate disease,
Relax the genius, and affections freeze!
Ye flowery fields, green bowers, and native streams,
Where bloomy health was fresh, in every breeze,
Whose childish pleasures, in their fitful gleams,
Bring to remembrance now, an infancy of dreams.

The sea-mews screaming 'mid the yeasty foam,
The dash of waters, and unceasing din
Of noisy inmates in their parish home,
In daily dole the thread of life to spin,—
Unfit retreat to woo the muses in :—
And here be gathered, all the grades which mark
The curse of poverty, cooped up within
The narrow bounds, like those within the bark,
Which sailed a deluged world, and saved the Patriarch.

Might I invoke the powers of song to group,
The various characters that round me throng—
And would the muses from Parnassus stoop,
To guide my flight Aonian fields among,
And lead the wand'ring bard to Helicon,—
Inspiring spring;—to gather as he flies,
Poetic flowers to grace my humble song,
And some few laurel leaves, a poet's prize,
To draw the likeness strong, and living as they rise.

Here orphan children of the poor abide,
Of doubtful parents, or without a name;
The time-worn seaman, once his country's pride,
And those begotten in unholy flame,
Nursed in the lap of poverty and shame;
For them my country, generous as she's brave,
Provides a refuge poverty can claim;
And may she always find an arm to save
A suppliant in distress, her empire on the wave.

Here pride, degraded to the lowest deep
Of human wretchedness, looks not so great;
And faded charms that won, but could not keep
The gay seducers—blame their hapless fate,
Despised, avoided, poor and desolate;

Where now are they who lived upon your smiles
And maiden beauties—woman's wise too late,
Her heart's all tenderness, man's full of wiles,
And with a flattering tongue the witless maid
beguiles.

Here puling infancy, and helpless age,
The lame, the lazy, blind, and spendthrift go;
And those long hackney'd on the gilded stage
Of worldly pleasures—here a veil I'll draw
To hide their deeds unfit for public show;
And all the motley crowd which it contains,
From new-made widows in their weeds of wo,
And ruin'd virgin, who repentance feigns,
To Amos in his crib, and Charley in his chains.

And oft the maniac in the raving fit,
Would beat his bosom and benighted brain;
Converse with spirits—he imagin'd it,
And conjur'd fiends—the moon began to wane,
And like the sea his mania ebb'd again;
The demon working in his sobbing breast,
Still seem'd to gnaw him with undying pain,
For though not words his agony express'd,
His writhings deeply told, the fiend was not at
rest.

Upon yon bench,—between a knave and fool,
And part of both, that poor old thing so lame,
Deform'd and dropsied, moping like an owl
Half blind with light—the pleasing trump of fame
Was never known to herald————'s name;
Laid on a pallet bed, in idiocy,
Talking to ideal beings, one who came
From gathering faggots by the wintry sea,
To make a little fire to light her poverty.

Here come for want, extravagance or ease,
The idle, thoughtless, and unthrifty dame;
Deserted mothers, children, and with these,
Unfeeling husbands, who had left them came,--
Poor wand'ring vagrants—oh! how want can tame
The restless spirit of a rover's life;
But charity forbids the muse to blame
Returning prodigals to home and wife,
Reform'd, or mean perchance to lead a better life.

And here are children that have never known
A father's kindness, or a mother's care;
Fed by the hand of charity, or thrown
Upon the pittance parishes can spare,

Else in the workhouse on the common fare;
And here be mothers who were never led,
With virgin blush, connubial rites to share;
Prolific mothers, even while they feign
Repentance for the past, return to sin again.

There's light and shade through all the world, we see
Vice may the slippery steep successful climb
To wealth and power—led on by destiny:
Some are unfortunate without a crime,
And some unworthy even of a rhyme,
To tell their names—but we can pity those
Bereft of parents, blighted in their prime,
And those descending to the grave with woes,
As trees in winter bend, beneath the chilling snows.

Yon feeble withered thing of ninety years,
Who mourns so piteously, and almost blind:
Droops like a leaf, which ere its falling seres,
And not a tie's left in the world to bind
This joyless one to earth, that I can find;
Her husband's shadowy form seems flitting by,
The wand'ring mazes of her broken mind;
But all the fountains of my tears are dry,
Else I would weep for her, and close her dying eye.

When age and want, with icy touch o'ertake us,
When friendship dies, and charity grows cold;
While cares increase, and earthly joys forsake us,
We cling to life, and cleave to kindred mould,
As trees take deeper root when growing old;
And stripp'd of leaves, left naked to the blast:
For love of life is like the thirst for gold,
Which grows on misers till the very last
Despairing, lingering look, is on their mammon cast.

Though age to poverty adds many a sting,
It blunts the feelings, and affections too;
As ties give way, we less tenacious cling
To dreams of greatness—youthful pleasures now,
Stir not the passions as they used to do;
But if there's solace in a state like this,
At thy oblivious shrine I willing bow,
To steep my senses in the dark abyss,
And drown remembrance there, in long forgetfulness.

TO MY CHILD.

Thine eyes are like thy mother's of blue,
That alone insures thee a welcome;
With all the charms of her witchery now,
Woo me again in the smiles of Malcolm.

As gaily he gambols over the green,
Every look his joy expresses:
About his shoulders are floating seen,
In streams of beauty, his golden tresses.

And wantons away whenever he sees
Butterflies set, on a bud or blossom;
And eagerly chases the laden bees,
To bring them home in his glowing bosom.

A dimpling smile there lurks in my boy,
Blending innocence, hope, and cheering;
Where is the parent cannot enjoy,
Childish pleasures, and so endearing.

Now the soap bubbles he floats in air,
Over the wall his bonnet is flying;
Down in the gutter he paddles, and there,
All in his glory the mischief's lying.

Away he flies to the wood-lark's nest,
With a brotherly hand to guide him;
He seems like a wild thing taking no rest,—
Down in the bushes he stoops to hide him.

I hear his voice which over me creeps,
Like sweetest music among the bushes;
And see his head, as he slily peeps,
With his golden locks in a cap of rushes.

Come hither away my wandering boy,
See what sweet and beautiful posies:
All his countenance tells of joy,
Deck'd in buttercups, beads, and roses.

Over the fields where cowslips spring,
Bonny hair-bells he runs to gather;
Fairest flowers, and them he'll bring,
To make a posy to please his father.

Who could resist the witching smile,
Fun and frolic, mimic, and laughter;
Who would'nt leave his cares awhile,
Play with thee and be happier after.

Now in the study see all the books,
Lying like sibylline leaves about him:
And as roguish the urchin looks,
Just as I could'nt be happy without him.

Gallop away boy, kick up a dust,
Throw all the kitchen into disorder;
Rumble, and tumble, and march about, just
Like a blue bonnet over the border.

Round about, round the room he skims,
Blithe as a bee—buxom and busy;
All in confusion about him swims,
Reeling, balancing, drunk and dizzy.

Why do their gambols please us so,
Ranting, romping, and always teazing;
Nature has wisely ordain'd it so,
That whatever they do, is pleasing.

Often we see the mother caress
Her smiling baby with sweet emotion;
And all she feels, but cannot express,
For 'tis the star of her soul's devotion.

Squat in the corner prying about,
Slily peeping over his shoulder;
Watching the door—and now he is out,
Gone like a redshank, after the soldier.

Frolic away, there's time enough boy,
To be unhappy and think of trouble;
When care embitters the cup of joy,
And dashes hope away like a bubble.

There goes his hammer dash at the pots,
Hey what a hubbub the mischief's making;
Down go the cups and saucers in lots,
His mother will be in a terrible taking.

Upon the table boy—there he jumps,
Louder and faster he screams and capers;
Wild as a malabar monkey romps,
Driving away the bile and vapours.

Down on the carpet, all in a heap
Pile up the cushions and keep off the fire;
Toss them about and over them leap,
Just like a mountebank, higher and higher.

Yet he's so playful, innocent, wild,
Thoughtless, merry, and free from sorrow:
Who would'nt wish to be like a child,
Happy, without a care of the morrow.

Yes my sweet jewell I'll give thee a kiss,
Who could refuse so sweet a token:
We'll take another, and this, and this,
I'd kiss thee my boy, though my heart were broken.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION.

My heart is sad—I know not why,
The Muses no relief can bring;
For solace to my lute I fly,
But find it wants the sweetest string:
My heart is sad—without a cause,
I leave my friends, to be alone:
And by the bubbling streams repose,
Or to the midnight make my moan.

You wonder why I often rove
By water, woods, and lonely dell;
'Tis not misanthropy, nor love
Of women, though I love them well;
But silence, solitude, and calm,
Accord with feelings such as mine;
And o'er the spirit pour a balm,
More sweet than woman's love, or wine.

The gay and giddy dash along,
To join the revel, ball, or play:
While I unheeded shun the throng,
And to the greenwood lonely stray;
T'indulge the melancholy gloom,
Which seems enwoven with my frame;
That withers all my youthful bloom,
With feelings that I cannot name.

I gaze upon the deep blue sea,
My wand'ring wishes to compose;
Then sigh for things which may not be,
And weep at visionary woes.
It might perchance be rebel pride,
That soars above my low degree;
A something that my fate denied,
Which I have felt from infancy.

When early visions cross my brain,
Of friends and lovers, doom'd to leave,
And know they'll ne'er return again,
My heart grows sad, and then I grieve;
Yet I'd not be a child again,
With all its thoughtless laugh and glee;
To lose the joy as well as pain,
That memory more endears to me.

And there was none to guide, it seems,
My youthful mind, to useful lore;
Which longed to drink Pierian streams,
And tasted but to thirst the more;
Sweet visions then began to rise,
Which lur'd me with their dazzling ray,
Like rainbow-colours in the skies,
That only please to pass away.

And thus our brightest hopes shall fade,
How high and fair soe'er they be;
Though, like the gilded rainbow, made
To arch the sky, and span the sea:
When cares oppress my wayward mind,
I woo the muse to give it ease;
And oft relief in music find,
Or lose them in my fantasies.

How sweet to rove, while fancy strays
By Waver streams, again to see
The scenes which charm'd in other days,
Renew the dreams of infancy:
Which youth and childhood render'd dear,
To soothe the soul with past delight;
And to the memory re-appear,
Like visions of reflected light.

Though fortune frown'd upon my birth,
Her fickle favours I despise:
She cannot close the mind to mirth,
Nor shut creation from my eyes.
I see the light—can feel the air,
Which fans me with its balmy wings;
And look on wealth without the care
That pride or mad ambition brings.

Nor deem my spirit mean—because
I look so happy, seem so free;
Why vainly sigh, or envy those
Who share delights denied to me;
And yet when proud men pass me by,
To see how wealth the world can sway,
I sometimes heave a secret sigh,
And turn to dash the tear away.

It is not fortune's frown I fear,
She never deign'd to smile on me;
But feel a want of what's more dear,
Than fortune, fame, or high degree;
It breathes a balm through every part,
Which all can feel, but none define;
That twin-like winds about the heart,
Yet leaves a void—a want in mine.

I know not why the heart is sad,
That always felt another's wo;
That when they sighed was never glad,
Nor caus'd the tears of grief to flow:
It loves that luxury of grief,
That shares the pleasures and the pain;
Which, if it cannot find relief,
May snap the tender chords in twain.

I linger on the sounding shore,
And by the ocean's heaving breast,
Where twinkling stars seem scatter'd o'er,
Like things of light that cannot rest,—
How softly bright they tremble there;
Appear so deep, and look so high,
I know not why—yet wish I were
A spirit in yon lovely sky.

Yet there be joys which I have felt,
And still can feel in spite of wo,
No heart than mine can sooner melt,
Nor tears for others sooner flow;
And some perchance lament to see,
A noble spirit inly pine;
Still vainly struggling to be free,
And burst her prison walls, like thine.

I never sigh for wealth or fame,
Nor envy men of high degree:
Though I may wish to leave a name,
For sake of those so dear to me;
And they'll be sad when I am gone,
And laid below the church-yard tree;
Weep when they read the letter'd stone,
If e'er memorial tell of me.

The summer leaf begins to sere,
The flowers to droop and lose their bloom;
I almost see the gushing tear,
That's gathering for my early tomb;
And there this wayward mind will rest,
The fantasies of life be o'er,
The heart that's throbbing in my breast,
Will cease to beat—and feel no more.

ON THE DEATH OF A CANARY BIRD.

Pretty bird with golden wing,
Never more we'll hear thee sing,
Nor listen to the swelling note,
Warbling from thy mellow throat;
So lowly sweet—so loudly shrill,—
And yet methinks I hear thee still;
As pouring forth at peep of day,
The wildest, sweetest, softest lay,
That ever sooth'd a lover's breast,
Or charm'd her younglings into rest
When with melting voice he pours
Music from the leafy bowers.
When we gave thee choicest seeds,
Chang'd thy water, and thy weeds;
Thou wouldst turn thy glossy head,
Seem to beg the children's bread;
Slily peck the offer'd crumb,
Wash and dress thy shining plume;

Repay them with a grateful strain,
Turn up thine eyes to beg again;
Then flutter all the cage about,
And almost ask them to be out.
At morn I rose, but heard no song,
I thought it strange, and listen'd long;
A boding fear, I know not why,
For birds as well as men must die,
Came o'er my mind—it might be fled,
Then ran to see—the bird was dead;
And cold as monumental clay,
Along the sanded board it lay.
I thought of cats—their deadly claws,
And mus'd on fate till Alice rose,
Who with a look of pity cried,
Through my neglect the bird has died.
We searched the cage, but not a weed,
A crumb, nor one canary seed,
Was on the wires or in the till,
Save one seed on its little bill,
And left methought a dying sign—
A keen reproach to me and mine.
As if to wake thy endless sleep,
The little girls began to weep;
And utter many a wish in vain,
In hopes to give thee life again:

Composed thy limbs beside the fire,
With childish arts that never tire;
To keep thy lifeless body warm,
They mutter many a useless charm:
Expand thy wings and bid thee try,
On golden pinions now to fly;
But time is past—thy glass was run,
The business of thy life is done;
And silent now thy tuneful lay,
Will be for ever and for aye.
I love the tears that children shed,
Or for the living or the dead;
And envy not the joy of those,
Who never feel another's woes;
Who ne'er by sympathy impart,
A balm to ease the broken heart;
Unmov'd by pity or delight,
As if man were an Eremite.
Divided councils and debate,
Fill every house and every state;
And rival power as often springs,
From childish feuds as pride of kings.
The girls would send for Matthew Brougham,
And have thee stuff'd to grace the room;
The boys prepare, with tearful eyes,
To pay thee decent obsequies;

And then to mollify their grief,
Enshrin'd thee in a linden leaf.
Thy coffin was the cocoa shell,
And though they rung no funeral knell,
They laid thee where the genial rays,
Of Sol his earliest visit pays;
To cheer the flowers that o'er thee wave,
'At once a garden and a grave.'

A SKETCH OF GILSLAND SCENERY, AND ITS VISITORS.

Cumbria, all thy moors and mosses,
Deep ravines and mountains blue:
Where the headlong torrent tosses
Down the steep, I'll vist you;
Rock, and river, verdant fields,
Charm'd with all that nature yields.

From the town or noisy city,
Village toil, and daily care,
Invalids, (and those we pity)
Come to breathe a purer air:
Where the Gilsland spaw distils,
Medicine for human ills.

In the busy crowd that's passing,
On the pave to and fro;
Some, who scarcely dip the glass in,
Dash away the healing spaw:
Others deeply drink it up,
As if life were in the cup.

Here be maids of every feature,
All complexions, forms and size;
Tempers various as their stature,
Beauties, prudes, and chattering pies;
Some by nature formed to please,
Some perchance the men to tease.

Others like the faded lilies,
Drooping on a sickly stem,
Lovely once, whose beauty still is,
Fair as fallen diadem;
Or as flowers upon the tomb,
Seem to sicken in their bloom.

Many come whose mirth and gladness,
Soothe the heart they cannot cheer;
Some so deeply tinged with sadness,
Not the sympathetic tear
Can imagin'd woes appease,
Reach the heart, or give it ease.

How abstracted here, and lonely,
In the green retreats I roam;
All have some to cheer them—only
I have none who know my home;—
None that when the sun goes down,
Smiles on him from yonder town.

But I'll check the tender feeling,
Rising in my anxious breast;
Pledge you in this cup of healing,
All who love me in the west;
And at night and morning prayer,
Wish you well and happy there.

Convalescents range the mountain,
To inhale the balmy breeze,—
Seek with languid steps, the fountain,
Or a wayward mind to ease,
Pass unheeded from the throng,
Through the woods to stroll along.

By the gloomy forest shaded,
In a lovely deep ravine;
Nature for the Muses made it,
Where the waters gush between
Rocks, that tremble with the wood,
Towering high above the flood.

There the broken shadows tremble,
O'er the rocks and passing streams;
And whose giant forms resemble
Those of infancy and dreams;—
Which the memory now recalls,
Wak'd by woods and waterfalls.

Through this charming vale I saunter,
Wrapt in wonder and delight:
Where the wand of some enchanter,
Has in richest livery dight,
Scenes majestic, wild, and grand,
Touch'd by nature's master hand.

Here the painter's eye might linger,
And be ravished with the scene;
Trace the beauties, with his finger,
Cloth'd in floods of living green:
While the Bard enraptured roves,
Through the fair Elysian groves.

Till the pleasing spell has bound them,
In these faery regions—where
Nature flings her beauties round them,
Broken, wild, irregular;
Rock, and river, flower, and tree,
Blended into harmony.

On the mossy bank I lie me,
And enjoy the bliss of years;
While the Irthing, rolling by me,
Murmurs music in my ears;
And the passing whispers say,
Thus we sing our cares away.

In yon clifty rocks, the swallow
  Hangs her clayey nest secure;
Where no truant boys can follow,
  Climb to rob them or to lure:
Wheeling by on rapid wing,
Far above the healing spring.

Where the pink of ton and fashion,
  Vain and foppish airs assumes;
And the village beauty's dashing
  In her gay and gilded plumes;
While designing coquets meet,
In their dupes a double cheat.

Some for pleasure, more for pastime,
  Through the glens of Gilsland rove;
Some because they met with last time,
  Kindred spirits, prone to love—
Some in sickness—such as I,
Others scarce can tell you why.

Many come for fun and frolic,
  Lovely belles and dandy beaux;
Some because they're melancholic,
  Drink the wonder-working spaws;
Some like butterflies of spring,
Gaily flutter on the wing.

All ye bilious come to Gilsland,
Young and lovely, grave and gay;
Cures are here for all your ills, and
Change of lovers every day;
Green retreats and cooling shade,
For the silvan muses made.

In the glens, the woods, the mountains,
By the streams or leafy bowers;
At the shaws, the walks, the fountains,
Still we meet those lovely flowers:
Passing lightly, as it were
Borne on wings of gossamer.

Come Eliza, I will guide thee,
Through the windings of the wood,
On the mossy bank beside thee,
Pore upon the gentle flood;
While the birds from every spray,
Charm the lingering hours away.

O'er the moor we'll range together,
Ere the heath be wet with dew;
Seek among the blooming heather,
Juicy berries ripe and blue;
While we hear at every pause,
Mirth and music from the shaws.

Hark! the notes are softly stealing,
(By the water sweeter made;)
Oh! what luxury of feeling,
Through the woodlands and the glade;
Where the breathing flowers unfold,
Liquid pearls, in cups of gold.

Here at noon-tide let us wander,
Where the sun-beams sleep upon
Mossy banks, whose streams meander,
While we ever and anon,
As they float upon the breeze,
Hear the wild-wood melodies.

When the gathering storm's impending,
Lowering o'er the deep ravine;
And the gloomy forest's bending
'Neath the tempest—hushed between,
Awe and rev'rence o'er me creep,
Rock'd by eddying winds to sleep.

From the hanging rocks, suspended,
Trees of various kinds are seen;
All the colours softly blended,
Orange, sombre, glossy green;
Mingling their ethereal hues,
With the light of spangling dews.

While the waving foliage, ever
  Changes sombre to the blue—
As it threads along, the river
  Through the trees appears in view;—
Opens on the ravished sight,
Soft as rays of pencill'd light.

Where the moon-light's sweetly peeping,
  Through yon opening of the trees;
I would, while the world is sleeping,
  Linger there my mind to ease;
Underneath the silvan shade,
By the boughs and moon-beams made.

O'er the fallen rocks and shingles,
  Irthing pours his mossy flood;
While the gush of water mingles
  With the music of the wood;
Till the pleasing sounds convey,
Wild chimeras far away.

Charm'd by silence into slumber,
  Wrapt in sweet imagining;
When the spirit, free from cumber,
  Soars on fancy's wand'ring wing,
To those Edens of the skies,
Only seen by poet's eyes.

There he dreams on beds of roses,
  While the muse her mantle throws
O'er the bard, as he supposes—
  Where he oft in vision goes,
Gathering boughs of laurel there,
Which he weaves in crowns to wear.

Till the hum of merry voices,
  Wakes him from the reverie;
And the eye again rejoices,
  In this charming scenery;
Where the whitely cots are seen,
Mix'd like pearls among the green.

Through the trees the smoke's ascending,
  Whose cirulean curls unfold
Like a rainbow, brightly bending
  O'er the forest, fringed with gold;
Till it fades upon the sight,
Melting into streams of light.

Down the river, sweetly winding
  Through the meadows, deck'd with flowers,
On its woody banks—reclin'd in
  Sunny lawns or leafy bowers—
Climb yon dizzy steep, and stroll
By the Camp and Roman wall.

Where the eye delights to wander,
O'er the wild romantic scene,
While the Irthing's rolling yonder,
Through the woods of living green;
Like a stream of molten lead,
O'er the river's rocky bed.

Fair Burd-Oswald, Roman station,
Where the lords of earth did reign;
Fallen now that mighty nation,
Trodden 'neath the grassy plain,
O'er them no memorials rise,
Save some rude antiquities.

Buckles, rings, and broken vases,
Spears consuming with their rust;
Scraps of glass—in many places,
Human bones return'd to dust;
While above the level grave,
Cattle browse and nettles wave.

Irthing flows—and will for ever,
Through those scenes that lovely are;
But the camp beside the river,
Only tells of things that were;
Tells how warriors, statesmen, kings,
Mix their dust with meaner things.

Could the heroes laid below me,
  Lift from death the haughty head;
How their threat'ning looks would awe me,
  Resting on their narrow bed;
Musing till the vision flies,
And new beauties round me rise.

Though Italian skies be clearer,
  And the Indies richer far;
Native scenes to me are dearer,
  Than their wealth or beauties are;
More delightful to my eyes,—
Than the charms of softer skies.

YOUTH.

In youth when the first dreamy visions of thought,
Come flashing like light on the mind:
But vanish as soon as the smile which they
brought,
And leave no impression behind;
Yet though evanescent the thought and the smile,
They please as they pass, and we're happy the
while.

In youth when the tear, as it falls on our cheek,
Is kiss'd by affection away;
When smiles of approval go round as we speak,
And the business of life is to play:
When care is forgot in the sunshine, and flowers
That crown as with laurels, life's happiest hours.

Then light as the web of the gossamer's wing,
Which floats on the twilight of eve;
We fly to the flowers, after butterflies spring,
And ah! how reluctant we leave;

The beautiful birds that would seem, as they fly,
To bear us on pinions away to the sky.

In youth when the truant boy playfully seeks,
The cuckoo, to mimic her song;
Or gathers the wild-berries—dying his cheeks,
To school as he's creeping along:
And scatters the dew-drops, like bubbles of care,
That burst as he's building his castles of air.

For then every pastime's a pleasure, which brings
An innocent joy to the mind;
As fancy is wafted on infancy's wings,
In childish excursions to find
A fickle enjoyment, as bees do in flowers,
To sweeten their labour, as pleasure does ours.

In youth when the passions begin to unfold,
And childish delights to expire;
When maidens grow bashful, and lovers more bold,
And coyness awakens desire;
Oh! who can forget what comes over us then,
When beauty gives birth to the feelings of men.

Then life seems a vision, where all would appear,
As touch'd by enchantment that flings,

Its magic around till the delicate ear,
While beauty is sweeping the strings,
Is charm'd with the music that breathes, as it were,
The voice of its sweetness, that melts into air.

In youth, when no longer we cherish the dreams
Of childhood—and cease to be vain;
When life drops the mask of delusion, and seems
Emerging from fiction again;
As one that is couched, and recovers his sight,
Sees through a new medium, a different light.

Then faery delights, like the bubbles we blow,
Are chang'd with the varying hour;
New pleasures appear like yon heavenly bow,
That lives in the sun-shine and shower:
And gilds with its beautiful shadowy dyes,
The clouds where it leans on, while spanning the skies.

In life when no longer we follow the ball,
Or dance to the shadows of youth;
The pleasures of childhood and love we recall,
Which memory recorded with truth,

They come like the vision of joys that have been,
To gild, as they're passing, the shadows between.

In life when the changes at every stage,
  Of youth's giddy pleasures are past;
They often re-bloom on the memory of age,
  Like flowers on a desolate waste;
As roses and youth, ever sweet in their bloom,
May shed when they're faded, a richer perfume.

WRITTEN FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

Come poets and painters unite,
Display all your talents and genius;
Eliza inspires us to write
A stanza for Album between us.

Whose leaves like the bees that have been,
To gather the essence of sweetness;
Shall go from her fingers to glean
New beauties, to rival its neatness.

The poets may puzzle, like me,
Their wandering brains to be witty;
And ladies, that lovers may see,
Draw Cupids uncommonly pretty.

And they will receive a new grace,
When drawn by such delicate fingers;
As o'er them you're stooping to trace,
The charms where such witchery lingers.

And there will be baskets of flowers,
In gardens where beauty reposes.
Gay landscapes, old abbeys, and towers,
With butterflies, tulips, and roses.

And there will be morals from Pope,
The beauties of Byron and Fenton;
From Campbell's sweet 'Pleasures of Hope,'
Quotations—and miniature painting.

The roses, both lily and red,
Will cover thy leaves with their blossom:
And maidens who long to be wed,
Their wishes record on thy bosom.

The secrets will gathering go,
From one trusted friend to another;
Increasing like masses of snow,
Which the children roll to each other.

Perchance as you wander along,
Some lady may lay on her toilet,
The Album to copy my song,
Or finger a rose-bud to soil it.

And breathe on thy bosom her sighs,
That rise at the thoughts of a lover;
And wishing, what custom denies,
That she might her passion discover.

The bubble that floats on the streams,
Looks fair till it bursts on the river;
And pleasure, the moment it seems
The sweetest, may vanish forever.

Here some will write odes to a friend,
And others a sonnet on kisses,
But I to Eliza will send,
A token of friendship, as this is.

And if you in future should gaze
On lines that a friend has indited;
They'll bring to remembrance the days
When youth, love, and beauty united.

For youth is the season when love
And beauty, the feelings awaken;
And thine will, Elizabeth, prove,
That virtue is never forsaken.

But beauty may fade in its prime,
And love in a moment be blighted;
To marry Eliza's the time,
When all as in thee are united.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night, my love, how sweetly
The golden minutes move;
But oh! how much too fleetly,
For those who truly love.
And while I gaze upon thee,
Young fancy takes her flight,
To scenes where first you won me,
And last we bade good night.

Good night, my love, though dearer
Than all the world to me;
It makes the pang severer,
To tear my heart from thee.

While angels round us linger,
They witness with delight,
Me place upon thy finger,
This pledge of love,—good night.

Good night—but ere we sever,
I'd clasp thee to my breast;
Where I could lie forever,
And seek no other rest.
Let no vain fears alarm thee,
None witness our delight,
And there's no power to harm thee,
Within my arms—good night.

A spirit softly whispers
In music through the flowers,
As sweet as evening vespers,
Among the faery bowers;
But sweeter are the flashes,
That kindle with delight,
Beneath the silken lashes,
That fan thine eyes of light.

Good night my love, believe me,
My soul was in the kiss,
Which on those lips I leave thee;
And give me thine, in this:

Upon them, when you seal it,
This faithful vow I plight,
No other lips shall steal it
From mine, my love—good night.

Good night, my love, though blindly
Our courtship might begin;
We've loved so true and kindly,
It cannot be a sin;
The stolen kiss is sweet, love,
And thine gives such delight,
I'll always till we meet, love,
Remember this—good night.

THE WATERY GRAVE.

'Twas not thy father's bark, my boy,
That lured thee to thy doom;
And led thy filial childhood on,
To meet a watery tomb.

A shriek was heard along the shore,
As waters o'er him close;
And where the circling billows boil,
Expiring bubbles rose.

We cannot weep upon thy bier,
Nor strew with flowers thy grave,
But we will steep the leaves in tears,
And cast them on the wave.

We'll shrine thee in our hearts, and there
Thy name shall graven be;
While sea-birds sing the dirge of death,
And ocean cradles thee.

No narrow bed entombs him there,
No stone tells where he lies;
His winding-sheet's the boundless sea,
His pall the starry skies.

No foot shall spurn thy dust of death,
Far in the deep blue sea;
Where Mermaids comb their shining hair,
And sing thy lullaby.

And that pure spirit, free from all
The ties of earthly things,
Escapes the deep—mounts up, and flies
To heaven, on angel wings.

HYMN.

God of my fathers guard my wavering soul,
My wand'ring wishes, vain and wild desires:
The passions tame, that rage without controul,
And touch my prayerless lips with holy fires.

Within thy temple I would join with those
Who seek thy glory, hymn thy endless praise;
Kneel at the throne where saving mercy flows,
And plan reforms my soul too long delays.

O how we cling to earthly joys! nor think
Our dear delights, and borrow'd sweets must cloy;
How, when the spirit, trembling on the brink
Of her departure, 'asks if this be joy.'

Is there in sin and pleasure's gilded bait,
A charm to lure immortal souls from thee?
O! break the spell, my soul emancipate,
And set from sin the ransom'd spirit free.

That I may flee on bright seraphic wings,
Far from a world of sorrow, sin, and care;
Bathe, in the presence of the God of Kings,
My weary soul in streams of pleasure there.

God of my fathers, bend my rebel pride,
And teach a broken spirit how to pray;
Let not a soul for which my Saviour died,
Become a reprobate and castaway.

SONGS.

I SEE THY ROSES FLY, LOVE.

I see thy roses fly, love,
  But what care I for those;
There's something in thy eye, love,
  Far prettier than the rose;
The smiles of love and feeling,
  That in the blueness shine,
And tears divinely stealing,
  When sorrow darkens mine.

Then tell me not I lov'd thee,
In all thy maiden charms,
More dear than when I've prov'd thee
So faithful to my arms;
For not the sun that's shining,
At noon so dazzling bright;
Can please like when declining,
In beams of softer light.

Not sounder he reposes,
Who wears a crown, than I,
For grandeur often loses
What gold can never buy;
And if our fortune's small, love,
Our wants and wishes too,
More lightly on us fall, love,
Than on the princely brow.

I know that beauty dies, love,
For thine begins to fade;
But we have stronger ties, love,
Than youth or beauty made;
Those sweet endearing creatures,
Whose lineaments we trace
For marks of family features,
And wish them heavenly grace.

'Twould grieve me sore to leave thee,
And those we love so well;
Yet Alice dear, believe me,
We soon may bid farewell;
And round my heart there lingers
A form that once was fair,
Not time's all withering fingers,
Can reach thy beauties there.

I BREATHE ON MY HENRY'S NAME WITH A SIGH.

I breathe on my Henry's name with a sigh,
And image his form in my dreaming;
Awake to recall when the soldiers came by,
And he went with their banners a streaming.

He promis'd to come when the winter was past,
And spring cloth'd the valleys with Flora,
Though summer is ended, and autumn leaves cast,
He never returns to Amora.

I sit by the hawthorn where often we met
And plighted our vows—till my bosom,
Where Henry lean'd on, with weeping is wet,
As dew wets the delicate blossom.

Now blighted the hopes which at parting he gave,
And faded my roses forever;
I cannot an Asphodel plant on his grave,
That lies far away from the river.

They say he spoke twice, at the moment he fell
In victory's arms upon Lora;
The first was to England and glory, farewell,—
The last was to be with Amora.

I'll make me a bower of the jessamine, where
The last time we met but to sever;
An amulet weave of my Henry's hair,
To wear on my bosom for ever.

YES, ELIZA, I SHALL LOVE THEE.

Yes, Eliza, I shall love thee,
Dearly love thee—and by heaven,
Though for this the world reprove me,
Still I'll love thee unforgiven.
Can the power that gave me feeling,
Blame the heart he made so warm!
Can Eliza's beauty steal in
To the heart and leave no charm!

Though another justly blame me,
And would all my looks divine—
You, Eliza, when they name me,
Need not blush at love like mine.
Would thy kind and gentle bosom,
Pain the heart that seeks a cure?
Like as thorns conceal'd i'the blossom,
Pierce the hand that plucks the flower.

When that beauteous cheek is leaning,
On an arm of purest white,
In whose eyes so full of meaning,
Angels bathe in floods of light;
They're the polar stars that guide me,
Love's attraction and its pole;
Where, if heaven a place denied me,
I would fix my wand'ring soul.

In the moment that we sever,
Doom'd as we have been to part,
Madly though I've lov'd thee, never
Shall they tear thee from my heart;
Still the pleasing pain I'll cherish,
When I wander far from thee;
Nurse a hope that's doom'd to perish—
Farewell love—remember me.

THE SUN HAS GONE TO REST.

AIR.—Cold Winter's gone and past.

The Sun has gone to rest,
In the far glowing west,
And all nature is hush'd and serene;
No little stars appear,
To enlighten the sphere,
Lest my true love and I should be seen.

O cruel is the time,
When to love is a crime,
Though 'tis chaste as the angels above;
But she's of low degree,
And my proud family,
Would soon banish me from my true love.

Should seas between us roll,
Like the needle to the pole,
My soul to her would constantly move:
Till it found out the mark,
As the dove did the Ark,
And no longer like her I would rove.

With her I could endure
All the pangs of the poor,
For affection would sweeten our care;
Not all the love that gold,
Has ever bought or sold,
With a heart that is true can compare.

O the rapturous bliss,
When I'm stealing a kiss,
And our hearts are uniting in one;
How could I think to range,
Or ever wish to change,
When my heart with the charmer has gone.

To the green Emerald Isle,
Where we'll wander the while,
Among roses and shamrocks so green;
There my true love and I,
On the green banks will lie,
While the small birds enamour the scene.

Her cheeks are like the rose,
And her eyes black as sloes,
And in ringlets she dresses her hair;
O that my head may lie,
On her breast when I die,
For my heart's fix'd eternally there.

O COME TO THE LATTICE.

O ! come to the lattice, look down from above,
All clothed in beauty so bright;
There's dew on my locks, but I'll shield thee my love,
From cold through the mazes of night.

Thy mother's asleep, and thy father—oh haste
Or I shall be reft of thy charms:
The moon is appearing—our flight will be traced,
And you may be torn from my arms.

What voice do I hear at my window so late,
Where lonely I mourn like a dove;
'Tis Colin who calls me—his steed's at the gate--
I fly to thy bosom my love.

As a dove from her window to meet him she flies,
All winged with her love and alarms;
The voice of my charmer allures me, she cries,
And tenderly fell in his arms.

From friends and the home of a father I flee,
And banish myself for thy sake;
The heart that in childhood was wedded to thee,
Forsaken by Colin would break.

He gaz'd with delight on her beautiful face,
Her heart deeply throbbing the while;
And kiss'd off the tear in a tender embrace,
That flush'd her young cheek with a smile.

And there was a joy in that moment of bliss,
Which moulded their hearts into one;
A feeling so pure in the rapturous kiss,
To all but young lovers unknown.

As he bore her away to the altar of love,
Where all to be happy repair;
Young angels look'd down their affections to prove,
And Hymen united them there.

WHERE GOWANS WAVE THE GOLDEN HEAD.

Where gowans wave the golden head,
The cowslips pale, and daisy red,
The mossy bank shall be a bed,
To sport upon with thee, Mary;
While from the bush and beechen tree,
The linnet woos his mate like me,
And ah! how bless'd were I to be
A little bird with thee, Mary.

To sit beside thee on the spray,
And sing together all the day,
At night with thee to flee away,
Upon the wings of love, Mary,
To build for thee the downy nest,
And nightly sing my love to rest,
Repose upon thy glossy breast,
And nestle there with thee, Mary.

Though fortune ne'er was kind to me,
Whate'er she gives I'll share with thee;
And all my wish is to be free
From every charm but thine, Mary;
And though my song be not so sweet,
Nor plume so gay as some you meet,
My heart's as warm, and still will beat
As true to love and thee, Mary.

THIS IS THE HOUR.

This is the hour, for the sun has gone down,
And red from her starry bed rises the moon;
A signal that shines like a love-lighted tower,
To witness our happiness—this is the hour.

Thy father's asleep, and we've nothing to fear,
Come down from thy chamber, thy lover is here;
The moon-beams repose on the jessamine bower,
The place of our meeting—and this is the hour.

Unclouded she moves—but we'll sit in the shade,
Enjoying the pleasures that pall if delay'd;
Then come in thy loveliness, artless and pure,
I die with impatience, love—this is the hour.

I listen with pain to the nightingale's song,
That's plaintive as mine, we have waited so long;
Come quick, in the mantle of night, I adjure
Thee come to my bosom love—this is the hour.

This is the hour, for the vespers are said,
And lightly the fallen leaves echo her tread;
Her image seems lost or but came to allure—
O where has she vanished—this is the hour.

Why does she linger, there's danger you say
In meeting too soon—but there's more in delay;
For love, if you cherish it, blooms like a flower,
But droops if neglected, and dies in an hour.

Oh! yonder she's coming, and breaks on my
sight,
As softly and fair as a vision of night;
I clasp her in raptures too sweet to endure,
And if there be happiness—this is the hour.

I SAW A TEAR ON MARION'S CHEEK.

I saw a tear on Marion's cheek
  Contending with a smile;
And while for victory they seek,
In nature's plainest language speak,
  Without the words of guile.

The smile came with the thoughts of one,
  Long dear to love and thee;
The tear when you were thinking on
Departed joys, and there was none
  Had more in infancy.

The charm we feel, but cannot fly,
  The beauties of her face—
The brightness of her laughing eye,
That look'd and loved so feelingly,
  Grief dims, but can't efface.

So clouds obscure the sun awhile,
To fall in genial showers;
And tears bedim the rosy smile
On Marion's face, devoid of guile,
Like pearls on sunny flowers.

As sun-beams on the waters play,
To gild the passing stream,
More sunny, sweet, and passing they,
The smiles that sorrows chase away,
From beauty's cheek I ween.

I love the face that tells me all,
Without the gloss of art;
The eye where you can read the soul,
And feelings, that without controul
Come warmly from the heart.

I thought her eyes recall'd the past,
With fondness and regret,
A lingering look she on me cast,
The longest, deepest, and the last
That e'er she gave me yet.

MARY SANDERSON, OR THE POOR HOUSE ELOPEMENT.

AIR.—Duncan Davison.

There liv'd a lass at Maryport,
And she could neither card nor spin;
Her looks might wean a sucking pig,
Her name was Mary Sanderson.
A jolly tar with many a scar,
There came the lassie's love to win;
And oft he swore he lov'd her more
Than all her sex or all his kin.

From Plymouth I've come here to woo,
('Twas thus his courtship did begin)
We'll live as jolly beggars do,
And sleep the lodging house within;
Where all night long, with feast and song,
The social hour unheeded flies;
At dawn of day we'll limp away,
To mimic wo in beggar's guise.

The rich and great may proudly pass,
We care not for their lordly grin;
There's many live by polish'd brass,
Like me and Mary Sanderson.
We'll freely live on what they give,
And take a little if unseen;
Then steal away and sport till day,
Among the rolling rushes green.

Now Mary's heart went pitapat,
And languish'd o'er the am'rous scene,
When Joseph said, come to your bed
My lovely Mary Sanderson.
To nature's law she ne'er said no,
For Mary thought it not a sin,
Or if it is a sin to kiss,
A bonny mess we'll all be in.

The cock did three times loudly crow,
And waked them with his early din;
But ere they rose, or donn'd their clothes,
They took a drop of Hollands gin;
Then sought their rags and mealy bags,
Nor car'd for all the world a pin:
There's none more gay nor blithe to-day,
Than Joe and Mary Sanderson.

WHY MUST I GAZE ON THAT BEAUTIFUL FACE.

Why must I gaze on that beautiful face,
Where ringlets so gracefully twine;
Why gaze with such rapture, Eliza, to trace
The beauties that ne'er can be mine!
But I will adore thee in spite of my fate,
Though doom'd by our fortunes to sever,
My soul will return, like a dove to her mate,
And love thee forever and ever.

I feel when thy fingers are press'd into mine,
The touch like a magical spell;
But ah! when I lean on that bosom of thine,
I feel what no mortal can tell!
We speak not of love, for it must not be told,
And looks all our feelings impart,
For words may deceive, are unmeaning and cold,
But nature can reach to the heart.

Thy blue eyes reveal all the secrets of love,
And deeply I drink of the bliss;
O! is there, Eliza, in worlds above,
Such angels as woman in this!
For when I recline on thy bosom so fair,
That heaves like a pillow of snow,
My wandering spirit, imparadis'd there,
Seeks no other heaven to know.

THERE GROWS A FLOWER BY FINLEY THORN.

There grows a flower by Finley thorn,
Which blooms upon the banks of Waver,
That might the fairest maid adorn,
With all the beauties nature gave her:
And if there's one so dead to love,
Would blight its bloom—of him be wary,
And every wile his ruin prove,
That would beguile the heart of Mary.

Were I a bird with little wing,
To rove the fields from tree to blossom,
I'd leave the fairest flower of spring,
To shelter in my Mary's bosom.
And I would sing my love to rest
From every care—and be so wary,
That none should injure or molest
Thee in these arms, my bonny Mary.

They say my Mary is too young,
But then we love the young and pretty,
And there's a spell upon her tongue,
To charm the world with, she's so witty;
And in her stolen glance I trace
A look that bids me longer tarry,
Which time nor change can e'er efface,
For I will never leave thee, Mary.

Is there a power in gold to buy
Us love or life as man supposes;
No—thorns may pierce us when we lie
Asleep upon a bed of roses;
But there's a charm can banish care,
A maid I love too well to vary;
A cot where I would wish to share,
My love, my life, my soul with Mary.

COLD BLEW THE WIND.

The moon shone resplendent o'er lofty Benlora,
And threw her pale light on the tower and the tree;
As on a bleak rock sat the lovely young Norah,
Lamenting her lover and sad destiny:
As wildly her blue eyes roll'd over the ocean,
She gaz'd on a wandering cloud from the sea—
And there goes Macgregor she cried with emotion,—
O tarry my lover, I'm coming to thee!

Cold blew the wind through her uncomb'd yellow locks,
Yellow locks shading her white bosom bare—
And loudly it howl'd 'mong the tall and broken rocks,
Where she unbosom'd her sorrow and care;

Full seven long years for my love I've been mourning,
Who fell in proud battle—but died without fear;
And now on yon fleet cloud of night he's returning
To lie on my bosom—Macgregor I'm here.

Yes, fleet was the cloud, but it brought her no lover,
To chase the wild frenzy of Norah away;
O where lies Macgregor or where does he hover,
Ye Mermaids in pity come tell me I pray;
All mournfully sweet a low voice from the galley,
Stole up the dark rocks where she languishing lay,
Saying he sleeps in peace in yon lonely valley,
The blue waves are laving his mouldering clay.

More fleet than the red roe that bounds on the mountain,
She sprung from the cold rocks and tore her fine hair;
Oh! waft me beside him she cried blessed fountain,
Then leapt in the sea—but Macgregor was there;
And safely the arms of her hero she fell in,
They wept and embraced a thousand times o'er,

Away from the Shipwreck he bore to her
dwelling,
His lovely young Norah to leave her no more.

O COME TO THE BOWER.

O come to the bower and I'll pull thee a rose,
To place on thy bosom so fair;
And there I would linger when nobody knows,
With you all its sweetness to share;
And O! when the twin lilies rising below
The rose blossoms, peep into view;
How fondly I'd press them if nobody saw,
And kiss the sweet place where they grew.

The flowers are infolding their beautiful leaves,
And lean on their stems to repose;
And fain would I shelter thy bosom that heaves
With delicate feelings as those.

Then come to the bower when the moon throws
her light,
On the ivy that creeps round the bower;
And let us be wise, love, and happy to night,
Lest it be no more in our power.

I SAW HER LAST NIGHT.

Since last time we parted,
How chang'd is my Mary,
Though lovely as ever
Her charms as they vary;
The garden's as blooming,
The landscape as airy,
And all seems unchanging,
And happy but Mary.

Alone and unfriended,
Young, thoughtless, unwary,
A stranger I wander'd
And far from my Mary;

The spoiler so heartless,
Came there like the reaver,
In smiles to betray her,
And friendless to leave her.

I saw her last night—
As a bird to its eyrie
Escapes from the fowler,
I flew to my Mary:
And memory look'd back
Those affections to waken,
That fortune divided,
But time has not shaken.

The maids of the village
Rejoicing surround me,
And wake recollections
To please and to wound me:
That pass like the shadows
Of childhood before us;
Recalling the pleasures,
They cannot restore us.

I sought the wild roses,
Whose beautiful blossom,
Smell'd sweeter to me,
On her delicate bosom:

The flowers are as fair,
And the walks by the river,
Where often we wander'd,
Delightful as ever.

The cot of thy father's
The same in appearing;
But where is the charmer,
That made it endearing!
She pensively strays
In the greenwood to hide her,
Or droops by the willow,
That's weeping beside her.

Though long we've been parted
By fortune's vagary;
Unchang'd in affections
I come to my Mary:
The spell that has bound her
Like fate, may dissever,
And then we can love,
And be happy as ever.

FAREWELL TO OLD ENGLAND.

Farewell to old England, my dear native shore,
Ye friends and companions I ne'er may see more;
My heart bleeds at parting, but Alice to thee
My spirit will wander wherever I be:
While Hymen yet smiles on our sweet halcyon
days,
I'm torn from thy bosom to cross the wide seas;
And should cruel fortune those joys ne'er renew,
Remember our meeting and parting adieu.

Though yon cruel ocean between us must roar,
Or hide me for ever from all I adore:
No change, time, or place can erase from my mind,
The form, more endearing, at leaving behind;
'Tis not the wide ocean I fear to pass o'er,
'Tis not all my friends that lament on the shore,
'Tis not e'en my country, though dear to my
heart,
That pains me so deeply as from thee to part.

On the green banks of Ellen I often would rove,
To hear the sweet music of birds from the grove,
And pull the wild flowers as I wander'd along
The scenes where I've woven her many a song;
Now farewell ye gay fields and green shady
bowers,
Ye dark rolling waters and high mantling towers,
Still dear to this bosom, wherever I rove,
Sweet scenes of my childhood your memory
shall prove.

A FAREWELL TO INDIA.

A farewell to India, and women whose eyes
Are warm as their wishes and bright as their skies;
I sicken with ease in this beautiful clime,
And languish 'mong groves of the orange and
lime:
For not all the sweets of the mulberry grove,
The riches of India—the climate of love:
Can wean my affections old England from thee,
That cradled my childhood—thou land of the free.

Her dress, like the blue mist
In twilight that's floating,
Of sunbeams and gossamer,
Appear'd to be wrought in;
In raptures I gaz'd,
As she pass'd to her dwelling,
That stands in the vale,
By the lofty Helvellyn.

With ivy and eglantine
Enwoven together;
How whitely it rises
Among the green heather;
And as lovely she seems
In the bright sunny bower,
As the dew-drops inclosed in
A sweet-scented flower.

And long I'll remember
The bright waters dancing,
The pines darkly waving,
Where sun-beams are glancing;
The wild flowers and fountains,
Where lambkins are feeding,
And the maiden that blooms in
This beautiful Eden.

YON SUN THAT GILDS THE GLOWING WEST.

Yon sun that gilds the glowing west,
And throws his beams on Solway sea,
Has gone to cheer the lonely breast
That beats so true to love and me;
O could my wishes bring me there,
And every thought of Alice prove
A wing to waft me through the air,
I'd light upon that breast my love.

The heathy moor and winding glen,
The waterfalls and shady tree
I fly to from the walks of men,
To muse a silent hour on thee:
How sweetly I could pass that hour,
Were Alice here to soothe my breast!
If in these wilds I had the flower,
That blooms so lovely in the west.

Among the wild-wood walks I stray,
And linger through each lovely scene,
That would be charming, love, if they
Were in the west where I have been,
By Rosegill bowers or Ellengrove,
Where fairest flowers appear to be;
Where every wood-note whispers love,
And breathes inspiring melody.

And when I climb the mountain wide,
To view yon western star so bright,
I almost feel thee at my side,
Press thy sweet lips and bid good night:
But though I find myself alone,
Thy image on my heart's impress'd;
For well I know my love there's one
Who dearly loves me in the west.

O HAD WE A COT.

How sweetly my Mary we'll wander together,
Among the green shaws and the bushes of broom;
And chase the wild bee as it ranges the heather,
To live on its sweets, and delight in its bloom.
The miser may range it to rob of its treasure,
The sportsman for game, and the rake to deceive;
But we can enjoy a more innocent pleasure,
Than misers can relish or rakes can believe.

The blackbird and linnet attune their sweet voices,
And charm, with their music, the woodlands and grove;
The thrush in the white-blossom'd hawthorn rejoices,
To silence a rival or sing to its love;

But sweeter to me is the voice of my Mary,
Than music of birds or the green sunny bowers,
Their music and beauty with seasons will vary,
But time cannot lessen a pleasure like ours.

The woodbine and eglantine sweetly perfuming
The walks where we wander, so pleasant and green;
Where jessamines twine, and the lilac is blooming,
And I with my Mary so happy have been;
And when on my bosom or arm she is leaning,
And breathing our wishes and vows as we rove,
I see in her blue eyes, so modest and meaning,
The smiles of affection and language of love.

O had we a cot on the banks of the river,
Imbosom'd with trees and remote from the town,
The green mossy beds would be softer than ever
To luxury's sons are the feathers of down.
When shadows of night o'er the landscape are creeping,
While beasts fly to covert, and birds to their nest,
I'll watch by the pillow where Mary is sleeping,
Then sink to repose on her innocent breast.

THE GIPSY GIRL.

One bright sunny even a green lane I stray'd in,
'Mong elms and sycamores, lindens and beech;
Whose thick woven boughs were supporting and shading
The ivy and jessamine twined about each;
Above the wide branches of oak there was peeping
A thin twisting column of silvery smoke:
And on the green bank a young maiden lay sleeping
Among the pale primroses, under the oak.

The breeze with her dark glossy tresses was playing,
As on her bright forehead they clustering curl;
Some wanton young ringlets were carelessly straying
To sleep on her bosom—the wandering girl.

The woodbines embracing the sweet-scented
briar,
Were breathing their sweetness, as if they
had been
Perfuming the maiden, who seemed to inspire
The music of birds, to enliven the scene.

She wak'd, and her eyelids unfolded to show me
Her dark laughing eyes, fascinating and bright
As Basilisks are, and they shone when she saw
me,
Like stars in the firmament, melting to light.
I gaz'd with delight on each delicate feature,
And hoped she would deem my intrusion no
crime;
Her form was divine—what a beautiful creature!
And she was the child of a far sunny clime.

She told me her father they ne'er could discover,
Her mother with Jaques to the village had gone;
She smil'd when I asked if she wished for a lover,
And said if you please sir to tell me of one;
I press'd her warm fingers—the glance that she
gave me,
Uncover'd her heart, as she look'd into mine;
And what are you wanting, for conscience mis-
gave me,
To know if you love me—for I can divine.

Yes, dear as the light of my eyes, or the blossom
Of summer to bees, which the dew-drops impearl;
I'd leave all the world to sleep on thy bosom
Among the sweet primroses, beautiful girl;
The sun had gone down, and the moon-light was sleeping
Upon the green bank, where she sat by my side;
I thought as she lean'd on my breast she was weeping,
Embraced her, and promised to make her a bride.

I WATCH THINE EYES.

I watch thine eyes, so full of light,
To see the tear-drop when we sever
But they're as beautiful and bright,
As cold and passionless as ever.
O could they but from mine impart
The love that's in my bosom burning;
The flame would reach thy icy heart,
And light those eyes with love returning.

I dare not, when you pass me by,
  Reveal my passion, pure and tender;
But gaze upon, with secret sigh,
  The charms that caused my heart to wander.
It pains me, love, whene'er we meet,
  To see the smiles of all around thee,
'Tis death to see thee look so sweet,
  And all thy smiles on others—wound me.

But I will tear my heart from thee,
  Else in thy bosom love awaken:
My proud heart from the snare shall flee,
  Or in one net shall both be taken:
And lest you see with secret pride,
  And with a hopeless passion fret me;
I'll quench the flame I cannot hide,
  And drink oblivion to forget thee.

THE FLOWERS ARE FAIR BY ELLENGROVE.

I wander down by Ellengrove,
  Beside the bush of broom so green;
And chide the lingering hours away,
  Till there I meet with you, my Jean.

The linnet carols to his mate,
His tender passion she approves:
The blackbird sings his sweetest lay,
And every wood-note calls to loves.

We'll rove by Ellen's winding streams,
And on the grassy banks repose;
I'll pull for thee the lily fair:
And from the tree the budding rose;—
And when I lay the blushing flowers
Upon thy bosom, pure as fair;
If they decline, revive them, love,
For sake of him who placed them there.

The flowers are fair by Ellengrove,
Perfuming all the meadows green;
Sweet voices charm from every tree,
When roving there with you, my Jean;
But fairer thy young beauties bloom,
Than all the flowers by Ellengrove;
And sweeter far thy voice, my Jean,
Than evening bells to me, my love.

The wild-wood walks and shady bowers,
The voice of birds, and all the scene
Receive new charms whene'er I rove
The flowery fields with you, my Jean.

When thy sweet lips are press'd to mine,
And bosoms heaving sigh for sigh,
Our souls meet in the fond embrace,
Unite in one and seem to die.

AWAKE, MY LOVE, ARISE.

Awake, my love, arise,
Thou star of beauty bright;
The moon from cloudless skies,
Is showering down her light.
The birds of sweetest voice,
Sleep in their leafy bowers;
And the breezes scarcely shake
The dew-drops from the flowers.

My spirit's sad with dreams,
In a long unquiet rest;
And I've wander'd here to thee,
As a bird would to her nest;
I come with boding fears,
With a loneness at my heart,
And a spell upon my feet,
That will not let me part.

I'm weary, sad, and faint,
My brain begins to swim;
The stars appear to wink,
And the moon is waxing dim;
To clasp thee in my arms,
And hear thy voice again,
Would charm the ear of night,
And cool my dizzy brain.

Unstop thine ears, that sleep
As with enchantment ceres!
There's music in the sky,—
It chimes among the spheres;
And voices in the air
The listening echo tells,
That sing among the flowers,
As sweet as faery bells.

A spirit seems to breathe
Where the moon-light softly falls
Among the whispering leaves,
That climb the ivied walls;
They fan thee into sleep,
And bathe thy lids of light—
Awake, my love, arise,
Thou star of beauty bright.

FINIS.

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